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The Saturday Review of Literature

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"VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER"
By Major Alexander P. de Seversky
Reviewed by Lt. Col. Harold E. Hartney

"A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS"
Edited by H. L. Mencken
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MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY. "It may well be that his name . . . will occupy a place commensurate with that of Admiral Mahan." *(See page 5)*

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The 32 Million-Word Classic

WILLIAM A. LYDGATE

ON the eleventh floor of a severely modern Chicago office building works the man who has the biggest editorial task in the world. He will never read all the articles that go into his publication. To do so he would have to plough through 24,000 pages and 35,000,000 words.

As it is, he works twelve to thirteen hours a day. At home he reads manuscripts until two or three o'clock in the morning; his sleep has not averaged more than five hours a night for the last ten years. He is a friendly, seemingly unhurried, ascetic-looking man with iron-gray hair. You have probably never heard his name. He is Walter Yust, editor-in-chief of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

His is the task of assembling and publishing the reference book which has been a hallmark of scholarly authority for nine generations. Its contents are written by 3,700 foremost experts in all branches of universal knowledge, scattered among fifty-nine nations. Yust, an ex-newspaperman, still has a twinkle in his eye and a rich humor, after a decade at his grueling job. Nothing delights him more than to relate the humorous mistakes the Britannica sometimes makes—how greenhorn filing clerks working on the Index volume listed gallstones under Geology, defense mechanism under Military, incest under Business and Industry, Pope Innocent under Law, and physics under Direct Action.

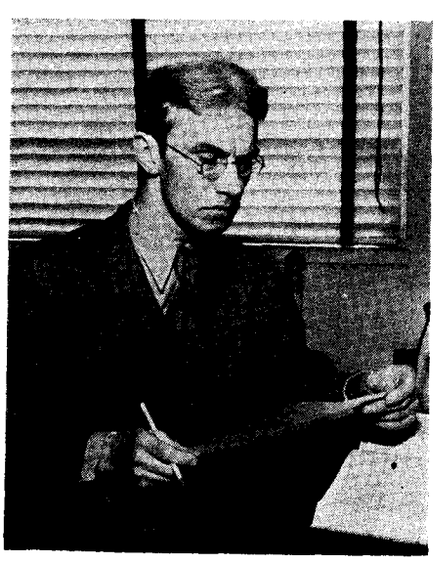
Yust's gigantic task is particularly vital today as intelligent persons turn more and more to reference works for information about the strange lands and peoples caught up in the war. President Roosevelt, certainly one of the best-informed men in the country, relies on the Britannica. When the Nazis invaded Denmark in 1940, he got out his volume to read up on the Danish possession nearest the United States, Greenland.

The Britannica believes that its fourteen editions, stretching over 174 years, have probably encompassed more knowledge than existed from the beginning of history to the eighteenth century. "All life in one set of books—the richness of the human mind, the achievements of all civilizations, the problems and hopes of the future"—that is its slogan.

The Britannica is older than the United States, having been founded in 1768 by "a Society of Gentlemen in Scotland." This "Society" consisted of three men—Colin Macfarquahr, a printer; Andrew Bell, an engraver who began his career engraving crests on dog collars; and William Smellie, a scholar of "convivial habits" and a close friend of Robert Burns. Smellie soon quit because his associates had what seemed to him the new-fangled idea that biographies ought to be included in the Britannica. His successor, its second editor, was more liberal-minded but also more "convivial." He drank to excess one night, wandered around the edge of a pit, fell in, and was drowned.

Despite its title, no single new edition of the Britannica has been brought out by an English publishing house. The name was intended simply to indicate an English-speaking book. The Britannica was a Scottish institution until recently, and is today wholly American—owned lock, stock, and barrel by Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Although the cheapest Britannica set costs $150, more than forty per cent of sets are bought by families with incomes under $2,500. Most of them pay for it in installments. Britannica sales jumped thirty-five per cent last year. People apparently turn to books in wartime, not only from a desire to learn but also because consumer products on which they might spend their money are severely curtailed.



Walter A. Yust, the man who can never read the entire classic of which he is editor.

THE influence of the Britannica on human thinking can never be measured. There is no country where it has not been taken. A set was carried by camel-back to Persia more than one hundred years ago and presented to the Shah by the British Ambassador. Ever since that time, the Shah of Persia has climaxed his list of resounding titles with "Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopaedia Britannica." When Michael Faraday, called the "father of electricity," was apprenticed to a bookbinder in London, a customer brought in a set of the Britannica to be rebound. Young Faraday sneaked the sheets home and read them in the evenings. He later credited this reading as the inspiration for his scientific career. In a dispute between the United States and Britain over a Canadian boundary, the American Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, produced a map from the Britannica to support the American contention, and won the decision. A clerk in the silk department of Macy's, New York department store, was asked by a customer why a silk dress rustled. The clerk gave the correct answer. The head of the silk department was within hearing distance and asked how she knew the reason. "I read up on silk in the Encyclopaedia Britannica when I took this job," she said. He gave her a raise.

The writer has spent his spare evenings for the past year and a half reading the Britannica—sometimes looking up special subjects, sometimes opening a volume at random and reading whatever is there. The Britannica is one of the world's most fascinating books for such casual reading—a rich collection of good literature. Its con-

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tributors include many of the greatest authors who ever lived.

Macaulay's famous essay on Samuel Johnson, for example, was written expressly for the Britannica and still appears in its entirety in Volume XIII of the latest edition. George Bernard Shaw wrote the article on Socialism: Principles and Outlook. Julian Huxley is the author of a superb article in volume six on Courtship of Animals, written with a subtle humor in a simple style which makes it entertaining reading even for those who know nothing about biology. Benedetto Croce, the philosopher, contributed the article on Aesthetics, and G. K. Chesterton a memorable article on Charles Dickens. James Mill, Ricardo, Malthus, Hazlitt, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson—all have written for the Britannica.

THE Britannica pays its authors two cents a word. For his article on Socialism, G. B. Shaw received $68.40. Albert Einstein earned $86.40 for an article on Space-Time.

Many important men of affairs contribute. Henry Ford wrote the article on Mass Production; the biography of Lenin is the work of Leon Trotsky. The current edition carries an especially interesting biography of Wilbur Wright by his famous flying brother Orville Wright. Gene Tunney contributed the article on Boxing, Alfred E. Smith on New York State, Charles Evans Hughes on the Monroe Doctrine, Bernard M. Baruch on Raw Materials. General Archibald P. Wavell contributed a half-dozen articles, mostly on famous battles. Editor Yust's favorite, which he reads over and over, is T. E. Lawrence's Science of Guerrilla Warfare in Volume ten.

The Britannica's choice of experts is, however, not always happy. All recent editions up to 1941 carried an article on Air Warfare which was written by Sir Richard Brooke-Popham, the British general who was recently unceremoniously removed from the command of Singapore and who was publicly called a nincompoop in the House of Commons. In the newest edition Brooke-Popham's article has been replaced with an article on the same subject by two American army aviation officers.

"Editing the Britannica," says Yust, "is one of the most exciting of all journalistic assignments." He is fond of relating how a naval officer at Pearl Harbor wrote to say that all his belongings had gone down with his ship in the Dec. 7 attack; that the only two things saved were a letter from Yust inviting him to write a Britannica article, and the notes he had prepared for the article. The notes were water-soaked, but he wrote the piece as best he could from them. This contribution is the article on Blockade which will appear in this year's revision.

One chief problem of an encyclopedia editor is that his product gets too much praise and not enough criticism. Indeed, the Britannica has had only one really bitter critic in the last two generations. He was the late Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine) who in 1917 wrote an entire book, "Misinforming the Nation," denouncing the Eleventh Edition of the Britannica.

He called it "full of rabid prejudices. personal animosities, scholastic ignorance . . . an astounding egotism and an undisguised contempt for American progress." It incensed him to find that, although "Buddenbrooks" was published in 1901, Thomas Mann got no biography in the Eleventh Edition, that Ibsen's "Ghosts" was called "repellent," that Alexander Graham Bell got only fifteen lines, that there were no biographies of Edith Wharton, Cezanne, Kreisler, Rachmaninov, Luther Burbank, or Rudolph Deisel.

Wright's strictures brought amazing results. Every omission and misconception he complained about has been corrected.

It doesn't take an expert to find fault with the Britannica. Even the most casual reader will note surprising omissions. There is, for example, no article of any kind on Public Opinion. Lovers of the music of Brahms will be surprised to find that his biography is given only two and a half columns while Beethoven gets nearly twelve columns. There is no biographical sketch of Margaret Sanger, founder of the birth control movement.

When Mary Beard, wife of historian Charles A. Beard, complained that too much space was given to men and not enough to women, Yust made a count and found that of approximately 13,000 biographies in the Britannica, fewer than 800 were of women. Then he wrote Mary Beard inviting her to take charge of preparing biographies of outstanding women whom she thought should have a place in the Britannica. She and a staff of several women writers have been working for the past six months on the project.

The Britannica owes its survival to Julius P. Rosenwald, the late philanthropic head of Sears, Roebuck. At Rosenwald's behest, Sears put up a million dollars in 1927 to help finance the Fourteenth Edition, and subsequently acquired full stock control of the Britannica company.

The Fourteenth Edition, costing $2,000,000 to prepare, appeared just six weeks before the stock market crash of 1929. In the depression which followed orders fell off, heavy deficits

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The Meaning of Air Power

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER. By Major Alexander P. de Seversky. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 354 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
LT. COL. HAROLD E. HARTNEY

JUST about the time Russia fell in the last war, three Russian airmen were at work in the United States helping this country prepare for war in the air—Sikorsky, Pavlovsky, and Seversky. All three were pilots, all had suffered the pangs of defeat and blighted hopes. Each had lifted the veil of air power and as in a crystal globe saw clearly what it held in store for civilization, and resolved to consecrate their lives to flying and to crusade on its behalf for the scientific contribution, which would ensue to the benefit of civilization's progress.

In a strange land, bewildered by customs quite new to them, each carried on. In a land booming through victory the road for the pioneer was, at times, rough and rocky. But they persevered. Many Americans, likewise endowed with a blind faith in aviation and a compelling obligation to pursue it for what it surely meant, perished in flight or succumbed to the simple heartbreaking pangs of frustration in a world that lived for today and today only.

But "Victory through Air Power" reveals for those who were not aware, one man, one of the three Russians, who never flinched. Maimed in war he flew and still lived; ridiculed at times, he maintained his faith and the spirit of his conviction; frustrated at every turn, he never lost courage. That man, a pilot and engineer in his own right, was Seversky and he blossoms out this week with his great message for democracy—the title of this book.

It may well be that the name Seversky in the Aviation period of world stabilization will occupy a place commensurate with that of Admiral Mahan. His book is literally packed with original material; it is a book of destiny. At a time when extreme reverses have stunned our very sensibility de Seversky presents the most tangible and immediate answer to the crying question in every American mind; "How and where can America carry on an effective offensive now?"

The problem of transporting troops, trucks, and guns in sufficient numbers to attack and defeat the Japanese, and then occupy the territory already conquered by them is an incalculable one. To do so in the conventional World War I method demands transport and shipping, a protective navy, and an air force of such tremendous size, that it must be years in the building.

Equally the problem of effecting an invasion and occupation of Europe (the second front), will demand not only the same elements as the conquering of the Far East but will demand an ever greater sacrifice of human life as well as material.

Seversky presents a brilliant and cogent series of arguments to prove that this task can be performed without the necessity of algebraic tonnage, de luxe battle wagons, and millions of dead and wounded, by the employment of air power.

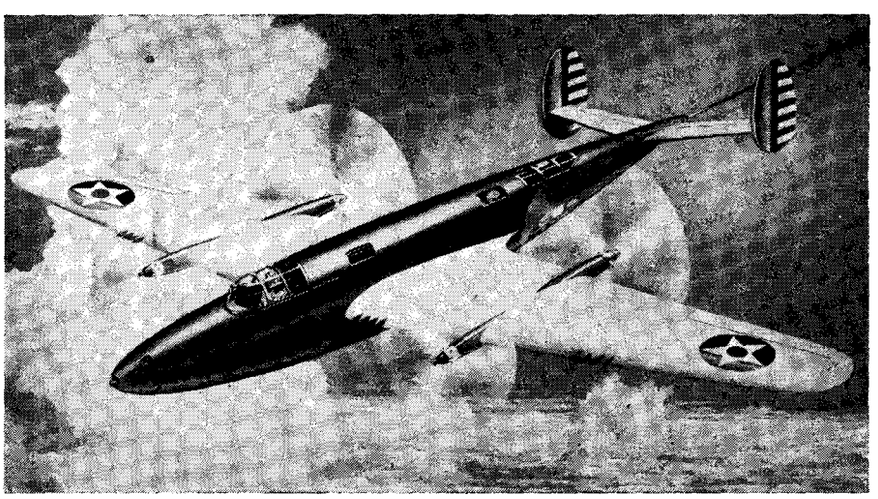
In order to prove that this can be done, he gives factual incidents of what has been accomplished through the intelligent use of air power . . . by the Germans. He goes "down the line" demonstrating in Poland, Holland, Belgium, and France, how ineffective were the trench, bastion, Knight's Castle, moat, concepts of other European army minds so easily overcome by the eagle dropping out of the sky. A trench, a wall, or a Maginot Line are easy to fly over, or around.

In the case of Norway, Greece, Libya, and Crete he demonstrates, I feel, almost beyond possibility of refutation, the ineffectiveness of naval power when not accompanied by the umbrella and air-plow of a superior air force. He brings out the fact that in Crete the Germans had no naval force to speak of, and that Great Britain had available practically the whole might of her Mediterranean fleet.

In this manner, he takes the army and navy in their turn.

Possibly his most effective picture of the power of the air is in the evacuation of Dunkirk. The publicity on this, the greatest evacuation of troops in all history, previously presented has tended heretofore to show that this evacuation was made possible and effective by John Bull's surface vessels impelled by British tradition stout in the hearts of the thousands of courageous men who operated small boats. Certainly in the "I'm from Missouri" American mind there has always been a question over here as to what the German bombers and Stukas were doing all that time. Seversky demonstrates that the evacuation was only made possible by the temporary and local superiority of the R.A.F. (the umbrella again). He quotes Winston Churchill to the point:

> Anyone looking at the photographs of the embarkation, showing the masses of troops assembled on the beaches, affording an ideal target for hours at a time, must realize that this embarkation would not have been possible unless the enemy had resigned all hope of air superiority at that point.



—From the book.

Long-range interceptor fighter of the immediate future. This sketch represents Major de Seversky's concept of the lines of development in long-range interceptors. Engines, pilots, and gunners are all located inside the fuselage in an armored nacelle. There are retractable gun turrets on the tail above and below. Large calibre guns or "rocket torpedoes" can be fired through the propeller hubs and the nose of the fuselage. The double propellers are driven by remote transmission.

It is in the tale of the "Battle of Britain," however, where Seversky strikes his most telling and courageous blow. It is quite apparent today that there was no question that Adolf Hitler planned an actual invasion. This was to be accomplished first by the destruction of the British air arm, bases, and planes. They knew they were superior numerically in this field 3 to 1.

As Seversky says: "Goering threw

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his Stukas, Doriners, Junkers, Heinkels, and Messerschmitts into the enterprise unsparingly." The fact that he lost at least 697 aircraft in the first ten days is a measure of the fury and profligacy of the onslaught. He was willing to pay any price for that invasion bridgehead, and counted on overwhelming numbers to make up the difference in aviation performance. His calculations proved wrong. It is true that British pilots, because of their numerical weakness, were overworked, being obliged to fly and fight from dawn to dusk and beyond. But in the end it became apparent that numbers without adequate quality are well nigh worthless against a determined opponent properly equipped."

Seversky shows that Goering's error in judgment was not only due to the planning courage of the R.A.F., but also to mistaken plane design by the Nazis and tragic weakness in armament. His bombers were faster but their backs were weak; the Spitfires and Hurricanes took them from the rear, literally sawed them in two with concentrated machine-gun fire, and then went on to destroy the single-seater Messerschmitts.

One must conclude however, that Seversky's chief point and purpose in writing this book is to effect a breach in the brass bound citadel of all so-called "Grand Strategy" both of the past and the present. He does this in Chapter II with the heading of "Possession or Elimination."

To quote his question: "Does the attacker aim at the possession of the enemy country or at its elimination as an economic and political factor?" To read his answer should convince all but the most antique and air-jealous minds.

And in this manner and method of delineation there lies the tremendous charm and policy of the book. The crusading spirit is there but with it there is surgeon-like reasoning, fact, and knowledge. It is as fascinating to read as a novel, and it is filled with hope—it tells what we can actually do to win, and how.

Seversky draws strong inferences from the fact that Germany has a separate and autonomous Luftwaffe—that we must not only follow her lead in freeing our air forces from the "Army and Navy minds," but that we must make our air arm the supreme arm. He is likewise as forceful in his advocacy of a unified command.

This is a "must book" for the air-minded as well as for all who stand in need of constructive hope, and for the confused who inquire and want to be shown a clear road to victory without the destruction of our civilization and our loved ones.

John Kemble and His London

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE. By Herschel Baker. Boston: Harvard University Press. 1942. 393 *pp., index.* $4.

Reviewed by MARGARET ARMSTRONG

A FRIEND summed up George Eliot as "a commonplace woman blown through by a wind of genius." The same could have been said of Sarah Siddons, greatest of the Kembles, but does not apply quite so well to her brother John. Fortunately for his biographer, the portentous respectability that enveloped the Tragic Muse was occasionally flung off by Glorious John. For he drank like a fish. Anecdotes of the change from stateliness to rakish familiarity have provided Mr. Baker with some extremely entertaining pages, and in youth John wrote a frivolous song:

> Why should a man become a slave
> To state, to business, or a wife?
> The spark'ling glass is all we have
> To soothe the various plagues of life.

But frivolity was soon outgrown: John became a moderately faithful husband and one of the hardest working men who ever tried to combine managing and acting and also raise the drama of his day to a higher place among the arts. Mr. Baker traces every failure and every victory with painstaking diligence (the book seems to me a trifle over-documented), but he also presents a picture of John Kemble's London that will appeal to any reader interested in the boisterous, highly-colored, every-day life of the eighteenth century.

It was an heroic struggle. But John might have brought less glory to the Kemble name if he had stood alone. Luckily, Sarah and his younger brother Charles shared his desires to rescue the stage from degradation. For their parents had been strolling players at a time when respectable society was in sympathy with the writer who insisted that most of these unfortunate persons were "got under Hedges, born in Barns, and raised in Houses of Correction." The parent Kembles had starved and shivered and trudged on foot from one hamlet to another; acted in "a horrid wretch of a barn with a few bits of candle stuck in clay to light the dismal hole," for audiences "ready to riot at the drop of a hat"; costumed in ragged finery—paper spotted with ink served as ermine, the same length of crape for Juliet's petticoat and pall, and all for such pitiful returns it is little wonder John's father, wanting something better for his eldest son, sent him to the Jesuit college in Douay to be made into a priest. But the pull of the theatre was too strong. Four years later he was home again, and at eighteen had begun the hard career his father had wished him to avoid. A classical education was, however, to prove one of his greatest assets. Coriolanus and Cato seem to have been his most brilliant parts. He lacked Sarah's passion—he could not "make tragedy stand upon the earth, its head among the stars, weeping tears and blood." He lacked Charles's light touch—comedy was not for him. But even Sarah acknowledged his headship of the family. Arrogant, pompous, too mannered: but a scholar and a gentleman and the first great producer, John Kemble dominated the English stage without a rival for over twenty years.

Morning and Noon

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

HERE is the invincible surmise,
Where in the heart of June
The labyrinthian stone is carved
Between the morning and the noon.

Here is the doubt that grows
Like a bruise made on the first fruit
By a careless hand,
And here the knowledge stays
Like a bloom over the apple or the pear,
Delicately and richly curved
For the too-discerning mind.

Over the wide and candid eyes
The lids like empty hands come down
To hide the darting lightning there
Where gleamed a moment, and was gone,
The quiet, invincible surmise.

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Maestro's Memorabilia

A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS on Historical Principles from Ancient and Modern Sources. Selected and Edited by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 1347 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE old Maestro, Henry Mencken, has always been a law unto himself. For a quarter of a century, in the midst of an extraordinarily exuberant life of editing, arraigning, arguing, joking, writing, drinking beer, and generally misbehaving himself, Henry was hard at work on the present tome composed "on strictly historical principles." That last phrase is from the jacket blurb and need not detain us. It means merely that the compiler has tagged a date on every quotation, and quite right too. He has tried to omit platitudes, a losing battle with a book of quotations. For every really good quotation is promptly belabored and scuffed into being a platitude. He has tried to freshen up the choice of Biblical and Shakespearian quotations. He has given both Karl Marx and the Roman Catholic Popes a break, not to mention the early Christian fathers. And as for looking up things in his book, I will now narrate a true experience.

The jacket (back-flap) said that "Many of the most original writers not usually included in collections" were here. The first name was Locke. So I looked up John. There is no index in the back of the book, and I immediately discovered that the names of great writers are included in an alphabetical arrangement that is based on key words like "Action," "American Language," "Antipathy," "Aryan," etc. [You'll find *Aquinas* in there, right next to *April First.* See All-Fools' Day.] I found *Locke, John (1632-1704)* in between *Lobbying* and *Locomotive.* There was only one quotation. De Quincey had said of him, "Against Locke's philosophy I think it an unanswerable objection that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it." Then it said "*See also* Greatness." Did that mean I would there find something *by* Locke (which was what I was really after) or something else *about* Locke? Under "Greatness" I found remarks about the great all the way from The Hitopadesa to Otto von Bismarck, a typical Teuton who said, "After all, Attila was a greater man than John Bright. He has left a greater name in history." Outside of that, I found many truly sage remarks—but—I found no Locke. In the words of Omar (and you can't find *him* under *Omar* or *Khayyam!*) "There was a Locke to which I had no key." "He doth bestride the narrow world/ Like a co-Locke-sus—?" No, that wouldn't do! But stay! At last I did find it! It was from Sydney Smith: "Homer and Virgil and Milton and Locke and Bacon and Newton are as great as the hills and the streams, etc." As a matter of fact my interest in Locke has always been rewarded in that fashion!

Listen, Henry, under those headings, such as—well—"Greatness," why didn't you arrange the quoted authors alphabetically, in each category? That would have been neater. As it is, Job comes before Esther, and Emerson is spotted all over. And I'm old-fashioned. I miss an Index according to Authors. But I much admire the raciness of some of your choices, *viz:* "A pope's bull, a dead man's skull, and an old trull are not all worth a pound of wool. Barnabe Rich: *My Lady's Looking-Glass,* 1616." I like your quoting from William Allen White, "What is the matter with Kansas?", only you left out Harry Kemp's more famous remark, "This will kill me in Kansas!" I like you quoting from a decision by Mr. Justice B. N. Cardozo, and the fact known to few that Byron called Keats "That dirty little blackguard." Your book is full of plums—no mistake about that. And that is why it shall be a valued vol. up on my shelf. But I shan't use it to look up things in a hurry. I shall keep it to burrow in, for the mess of words that is sure "to startle and waylay." (How do I look that up?) Maybe the more I get used to your cross-reference system the nimbler I will become. But I am pretty old now. Well, Henry, that's all. You have compiled a very interesting book, well printed and well-bound. But I still don't like Nietzsche.

—Caricature by Selz.

Baltimore's Bad Boy

In the British Tradition

ELBOW ROOM. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pierce. 1942. 52 *pp.* $2.

NOT EVEN DEATH. By Theodore Maynard. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 1941. 72 *pp.* $1.25.

GOGARTY, as we know, is an Irishman, a scholar, a wit, a writer both of verse and prose, and one whose lyrical gift was praised by the late William Butler Yeats. I have enjoyed reading his book very much. He handles rhyme and metre with great capability, he has a light heart and a light touch, I like his title-poem, his sonorous "Fog Horns," his poem against clocks, his blank verse poem about "Angels," his American poem, "High above Ohio," and the closing lines of his poem on Yeats:

> Praising the life by art imbued,
> The Apollonian attitude
> And lips that murmured metre till
> the end.

Theodore Maynard was born English, is a Roman Catholic, has written criticism as well as poetry, and also a book on the Catholic Church in America. He has taught and lectured at Catholic schools and colleges in this country. He is a charming man, a genial friend, and his poetic craft was learned a good many years ago. He possesses wit too, his own kind of wit. His religious verse is in a great tradition. In him also the handling of rhyme and metre is satisfying. There is a nobility in his utterance—note this octave of a sonnet:

> I know that when men speak of
> peace, they mean
> A greater opportunity to turn
> Unchallenged infamy to gain, and
> earn
> Ease softer, more secure, and more
> unclean.
> But Peace Isaian they have never
> seen—
> The Peace for which renunciant
> prophets yearn,
> The Peace that after desperate wars
> the stern
> King Justice meets and marries as
> his queen.

I like his outspoken, "The Leaven of the Pharisees," though I don't agree with this poet about the nature of the Devil and Hell, though I admit they both inwardly exist. I like his vindication of the poets, and his clear and simple "Let Us Go Home." That last is English in the best sense. It is why there will always be an England.

W. R. B.

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When France Could Be Human

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS. By Elliot Paul. New York: Random House. 1942. 421 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

FOR all who knew Paris and loved her—and those who did not love her did not know her—this is an intolerably heart-breaking book. I cannot claim to know Paris as Elliot Paul knows it. In the years 1920 to 1937 my visits there, once or twice a year, were not to the Left but the Right Bank, and the places I knew, the friends I had on the Left were in the Ile St. Louis, not in the Ile de la Cité. A street opposite that Ile, on the Left Bank, La Rue de la Huchette, is immortalized in this book, this book of joy, pity, anger, indignation, and understanding. Only in one thing do I think I have an advantage over Mr. Paul. From May to October, 1939 I lived in the heart of Auvergne, was befriended there by inn-keepers as sound, sane, and inwardly unshaken as his Henri Julliard: and I know that the France that I met there is neither defeated, nor to be conquered. I do not mean that Paris is conquerable—the city of Louis Aragon, of Jacques Maritain cannot fall, cannot, while such men live and write and tens of thousands listen to them, be ultimately betrayed: but Paris, as even some Parisians forget, draws strength from the soil of the French countryside, is succoured and supported by such a talent as that of Georges Bernanos, the unclassifiable fanatic of an eccentric liberalism, whom Elliot Paul forgets to mention in his roster of contemporary authors.

"I detest what you say; but I will fight to the death for your right to say it." It would be untrue to insist that no one but a Frenchman could have inscribed that motto on his shield. Erasmus might have said it, or Jeremy Taylor, or William Penn: but Voltaire's great saying is typical of France. Freedom of discussion as well as freedom of thought was not a privilege in France; it was an instinct. Time and again in his Hôtel du Caveau Mr. Paul found and rejoiced in men's exercise of that right, on matters political, esthetic, religious. The Nazis are right in thinking that indulgence in this instinct may sap action: where they are bestially wrong is in their belief that if this exercise of freedom leads to free men's enslavement, the better man has triumphed. Stupidity has triumphed, and once again man starts on the difficult road to secure and guard the victory of reason. In his analysis of the causes which led to the downfall of France, Mr. Paul may be judged to be too simple and to paint that disaster in too simple colors. He has the right to do so, if any man has. Anyone who witnessed, as he did, the betrayal of China, the assassination of Abyssinia, the garotting of Albania, the rape of Bohemia, and had to listen to the smug funeral orations of the politicians, can be excused for a simple treatment of that tragedy. Only I wish he would have emphasized one cause of the politicians' folly and the people's weakness—a cause which it seems to me has never been sufficiently regarded. The desire for peace, and the belief, oh! no doubt grounded in a longing in the bones of the French and British, that no nation would again follow even a mad leader into the hell of a world war. It is hard for normal people to understand the brilliant fascination of mania.

In his lovely and loving portrait gallery, in which La Rue de la Huchette lives and moves before us, with all its dear disorder, its patient, exquisite care, its gross and delicate vitality, it is hard to choose one portrait as better than another. There is Henri Julliard, the *patron* of the hotel, whose "social outlook was broader and less provincial than that of most Frenchmen" . . . "of a planet without France he could never conceive." There is Hortense Berthelot, widowed in the last war, now a clerk in the prefecture with her rare understanding of human nature. There is Mariette, keeper of the brothel, a figure from a Maupassant story.

All these, and scores more, love and quarrel and argue as all who know Paris have seen them . . . and all, at least after 1930, incessantly wonder to what fate they are being driven by the public men who persecute, misrepresent, and finally betray them.

"The Last Time I Saw Paris" is written in love and anger; it is also written with a restraint far more effective than violence would have been. The most lyrical, the wittiest, and the most poignant pages are given to the child Hyacinthe, the girl of an upper middle-class family, of devastating intelligence who becomes a film-actress, and whose end is as tragic as the fall of France, and one with it. Elliot Paul tries to persuade this girl to leave for America, and she answers

> I cannot go away. I am a part of Paris, of the stifling soul of France. When France goes, I go. When Daladier sells France, he sells me. I am part of the bargain. When Flandin sends his telegrams to Hitler, he sends me.

She stays until the Germans occupy Paris; four months later she is dead, with her mother and grandfather, dead of gas-poisoning.

I have no idea whether all the persons and all the events in this book are from life, whether there is any decoration or heightening of fact. Nor does it matter. Together with almost all the people here portrayed, Hyacinthe Goujon is a symbol of what the enemy would destroy, of what is not destructible. France and the French, Paris and the Parisians had faults, errors, sins as have all mortal things and mortal men; but, gaily, mischievously, gallantly, meanly, nobly, they as a people waged war to the death on the desire for death, on the list to destroy the joy of life. And if in that war thousands have lost their lives, there is a resurrection.

—From "Fine Prints of the Year, 1931."

The Boulevard, by S. Van Abbé.

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The Enemy: A Diagnosis

BEHEMOTH: THE STRUCTURE AND PRACTICE OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By Franz Neumann. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 532 pp. $4.

Reviewed by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

THIS book, let it be said at once and forthrightly, is the most important work on Hitler's Reich thus far published in English. There have been fuller accounts of the history of the Party, better portraits of Der Führer, more exciting descriptions of people and events, and more detailed expositions of the shantasmagoria of the Nazi *Weltanschauung*. But this is by a wide margin the most illuminating and the most learned analysis yet written of Nazi political theory, of Nazi economics, and of the Nazi social order. A high degree of literacy is required for the reading of it. Franz Neumann, who is one of the most brilliant of the representatives of liberal German scholarship in the United States, makes few concessions to popular demands for glib journalism. But for the literati, "Behemoth" is an intellectually exciting experience of the first order. And for the effective waging of total war, even the illiterati must somehow be brought to understand what Neumann has to say.

First, as for the title, the author explains that in Jewish eschatology Leviathan and Behemoth are the apocalyptic monsters of Chaos, one the terror of the seas and the other of the land. Hobbes used both as titles for books on the State. Since National Socialism is lawlessness and terror, its system is here aptly named. Second, as for the plan of the book, it deals briefly with the collapse of the Weimar Republic, dissects the Nazi totalitarian State (with magnificent chapters on "The Charismatic Leader," *Lebensraum,* and Racial Imperialism), analyzes "totalitarian monopolistic economy" at length, and finally presents in detail the composition, the rewards, and the deprivations of the new ruling classes and of the ruled. These problems are here discussed with a degree of erudition in history, political theory, philosophy, folklore, economics, and psychology which has never been approached, much less equalled, in any book on the subject.

The unique contribution of this work lies in its answers to certain questions hitherto unanswered: Who rules the Reich? Is Hitler the tool of the industrialists or their master? How and why does the Nazi economy work? Neumann's thesis in brief is that "Germany's imperialism is primarily the policy of its industrial leadership, fully supported by the National Socialist Party." National Socialism is not "anti-capitalism" nor yet "state-capitalism." Nazi economy "is a monopolistic economy—*and* a command economy. It is a private capitalistic economy, regimented by a totalitarian State." Competition is not abolished, but goes on in new forms. Totalitarian controls do not negate the profit motive but intensify it. They also prevent contraction and promote constant economic expansion. Democratic economic planning failed because it tried to operate in a market largely dominated by monopolists. Nazi planning and Nazi imperialism succeed because the Party and Big Business have identical interests. The new political élite and the monopolists have become inseparable.

This is but the barest outline of the most profound examination of Nazi economics yet undertaken. The conclusions are not hypotheses nor warmed-over versions of Marxism but products of a massive accumulation of evidence, elaborately documented and incontrovertible. Neumann proves that the Third Reich is the end-product of cartels and trusts in a self-strangulating capitalism. "Behemoth" should end the debate over the economic and social nature of Nazism. It probably will not, since its conclusions will be equally distasteful to those who insist that Hitler is the tool of the industrialists and to those who contend that "capitalism" has been abolished in the Reich. But all the evidence is here and this reviewer, for one, is prepared to accept the analysis as definitive.

This book is dynamite, although Neumann wisely leaves the reader to extract the higher explosives for himself. One set of long-run implications which might be drawn from it would proceed somewhat as follows: political democracy cannot survive without economic planning to maintain maximum production: such planning is impossible in an industrialized economy where powerful monopolists have a stake in restricting output; totalitarianism solves the problem by regimentation of the masses and by war; democracy cannot solve the problem without abolishing private monopoly . . . Another set of short run conclusions: victory over the Third Reich requires the destruction both of the Party machine and of the private monopolists who are now part of it; Junkers, industrialists, and Party leaders must alike be liquidated; this means social revolution; the leaders of the Western democracies have no desire to promote or even permit social revolution in Germany; therefore . . . ?

Neumann does not draw either of the two possible inferences. He is content to say that the military defeat of the Reich cannot be achieved without divorcing the masses of the people from National Socialism. "This is the task of psychological warfare, which cannot be disassociated from the domestic and foreign policies of Germany's opponents. Psychological warfare is not propaganda. It is politics." Again: "Psychological warfare against Germany will not be successful if the mere *status quo* is the ultimate aim." Germans no longer believe in the Wilsonian ideology. No new 1918 is possible. Political democracy is not enough.

> Imperialism is inherent in the structure of the German monopolistic economy, the one-party system, the army, the bureaucracy. To destroy aggression, the power of the monopolistic economy must be definitely broken and the economic structure of Germany must be profoundly changed . . . National Socialism can in the psychological field be defeated only by a political theory that proves as efficient as National Socialism without sacrificing the liberties of men. Even the military defeat of Germany will not lead to an automatic collapse of the regime. It can only be overthrown by conscious political action of the oppressed masses.

Martin Dies please copy. Also Standard Oil. Also the Department of State. Or else.

—From "The New Order," Arthur Szyk.
Nordic Hero

Many libraries are now observing the centenary of John Fiske. Fiske, the lecture platform lion of the last century, was a distinguished historian and philosopher who contributed much to the intellectual awakening of the America of his day. Fiske's letters, edited by his daughter, Ethel F. Fiske, and brought out by Macmillan under the title "The Letters of John Fiske," have just been issued in a new edition.

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World War Diary

WAR HAS SEVEN FACES. By Frank Gervasi. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

LIKE most pre-war American foreign correspondents who had repeatedly called attention to the totalitarian menace and been ignored by Europe's inept, fearful, morally dishonest, allegedly democratic politicians-cum-statesmen, Frank Gervasi was by way of being an isolationist who fallaciously assumed that his own ostrich-like countrymen could escape being drawn into the maelstrom of war. That is to say, he was convinced that the inevitable purge of reactionary Europe, especially England and France, would be well deserved and all for the best.

This irrationalism was a natural outgrowth of the disgust which all of us felt while watching the degenerative consequences of appeasement—by the Anglo-French-dominated League during Japan's aggression against China and Italy's against Ethiopia; by Britain, France, and the Vatican during the Spanish Civil War; by the collective commission of other diplomatic crimes vis-a-vis those small nations for whose rebirth last war's victors had been responsible.

The war was sixteen months old when this able correspondent of *Collier's Weekly* flew back to Britain. Then, during the next nine months, he visited other war arenas of the world—South, East, and North Africa; the Middle East and India; Siam and Malaya; and the Philippines.

"War Has Seven Faces" is the vivid reportorial account of what Frank Gervasi saw, heard, and felt, with reviews of antecedent events and forecasts of what is likely to happen. It is not objective reporting, because, as the author quite logically asks, Who can be objective under present conditions? But it is good realistic reporting and sound reasoning by a keen observer long familiar with the international scene, especially when he deals with causes and effects and existing political uncertainties, like Turkey, the Arab-Jewish contretemps, and India.

Gervasi's "favorite battlefield" where decisive victories may be fought is the Middle East. He believes the difficult Arab-Jewish problem is for future rather than present solution and that the real Middle East enigma is Turkey, which the Germans and the Anglo-Americans are trying desperately to solve to their respective advantage.

His interesting word portrait of President Inonu implies that the Turkish leader may try to see to it that his country is on the winning side, irrespective of current obligations to Britain and the United States, especially the former, but he thinks "there is still a chance that Turkey's peasants and Turkey's peasant Army will place nationhood above dishonor and, like the Greeks, have a war for it." In which event the war scales may be balanced in our favor.

Gervasi paints more admiring portraits of Allied leaders like General Smuts, Wavell, Auchinleck, and MacArthur, but he is highly critical of the causes which have had adverse effects upon their leadership. In fact, he bitterly denounces British ineptitude (and stupid censorship) in Egypt; Boer intransigeance in South Africa; Indian non-coöperation; British and American complacency in the Far East; and the doublecross of MacArthur's military preparedness efforts by Filipino politicos.

Gervasi has no patience with the "old school tie tradition" and while he pays high tribute to British courage, especially as he saw it in battle action, he emphasizes the fact that it takes more than courage to win modern battles, war now being a highly technical craft requiring highly technical craftsmen to handle planes, tanks, rapid-fire guns and whatnot. Although our enemies are cold practitioners of war and we insist on fighting like gentlemen, Gervasi transmits to his readers his faith in our ability to emerge victorious. In a very interesting late chapter, he presents a comprehensive factual analysis of our resources, especially of our preponderance of man power, which he terms "our greatest basic material." Our gainful workers outnumber the Axis four to one and they, imbued with faith in the principles for which we fight, will process our war materials and supply the wealth with which to insure victory.

Frank Gervasi

While Gervasi has no doubt that we shall prevent Hitler and his Axis satellites from winning the war, he emphasizes the fact that the tories of all nations, England's and our included, must be prevented from winning the peace if peace is to endure. If the author appears somewhat sentimental about liberal democracy triumphing over its natural enemies, reactionarism and totalitarianism, he can be excused on the grounds of sound justification—witness the peace conferences of 1918-19, et seq. In any event, his concern for the fate of liberal democracy is the only sentimental aspect of a straight-from-the-shoulder, hard-hitting report which will jar the reader into a better appreciation of things as they are—and may be, unless we beware.

The Skiers

By George Abbe

SWING down into the blue-shadowed caverns of snow,
Swing down in a powdery cloud of white that blows,
That lifts into sunlight keen and crystal and blue;
Turn shoulder, swing pole; the packed earth flows
White and brilliant under the running skis.
Set your heart to the race: long years ago you knew
That this would happen some day, this flexing of knees,
This sting of the air with the far hills flung with gleaming.
In every winter of boyhood you knew you'd come
To this hill, this speed, this furious joy of the heart,
This swerve of the stem turn, bright snow streaming,
Scarf-like, from under the crouch of skiers dropping below;
Pine green, smoky silver, shadow as blue as plum,
Bite of the wind, and the face and hands gone numb:
You always knew this moment, in every childhood dreaming:
This is the living burst open to swiftness and sun.

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"God's Time Is Now"

TIME RUNS OUT. By Henry J. Taylor. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1942. 315 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THIS is a report on the state of Europe at the end of last year by an extremely intelligent and well-informed traveller. Mr. Henry J. Taylor flew over to Lisbon and London in October, 1941. From Edinburgh, he went to Helsinki and Berlin, from Berlin to Vichy and Madrid. Everywhere he saw the most important men and had momentous conversations. He gives us a picture of war-time England, of war-time Germany, of war-time Finland that seems much more trustworthy and realistic than any I have read before. Mr. Taylor does not dramatize. Many a visitor to Dover would have attempted to make the most of the dangers of a Channel port in the year of grace 1941. But not so Taylor. Here is his description:

> In activity, normalcy, the scene is exactly like Topeka, Kansas. Beer trucks unloading at the pubs, shoppers gazing in the store windows, traffic policemen busy in the business of the day . . . The docks are absolutely intact. Even the giant steel cranes are in place, as though they haven't a care in the world.

The real drama to him is not the loss of property, but the loss of time. "Time Runs Out," Mr. Taylor's title is also his message to the people of America.

What makes his book so valuable is his ability, in every country visited by him, to go straight to the essential problems and to state them with precision and lucidity. Never before had I, for instance, understood so clearly the nature of British air strategy at the time of the Blitzkrieg. What saved England, according to Taylor, was an order wisely given and heroically executed. The Nazi bombers came over protected by Messerschmitt fighters. The R.A.F. Spitfires, in charge of the defense, were told to forget the Messerschmitts. "Don't ever return their fire. Fly straight to the Nazi bombers. And then shoot like hell." Thus it happened that the bomber losses of the Germans became such as to stop them coming at the very time when there were not enough remaining Spitfires to absorb the German reserves. It was the old story of "the last quarter of an hour."

Read the author's brilliant *exposé* of German geo-politics and of their strategy of the Heartland, a flexible area extending through Europe, Asia, and Africa. Then you will understand why the Germans conceive their navy as an offensive force, spreading over from that central mass; why the Germans are not interested in any talk of a negotiated peace; why Hitler timed the Japanese attack as he did. Very few commentators have seen through German strategy as does Mr. Taylor. He underlines the fact that Hitler always advertises the attack he does not yet intend to make. Why did Hitler not attempt to invade England? "He will," answers Mr. Taylor. "Make no mistake about that." Follows a plan that is just as important for us to read as it would have been, at the time of Homer Lea, to ponder over the "Valor of Ignorance."

One of the author's affirmations is that the war will be long, very long.

> Certainly many years. No one of importance in Berlin sees it any other way. Nor does anyone of importance in London and Washington. Fundamentally, Germany is fighting a holding operation on the European continent, until it can launch a powerful navy. Hitler knows he cannot win on the European continent alone . . . I saw irrefutable evidence of an immense new German Navy being built.

Did *you* know that many German officers are being taken out of the army and trained for the navy? I did not, and it is one of the illuminating pieces of information I got from this very useful book.

It is extremely interesting to notice that Taylor, like Saint-Exupéry, in "Flight to Arras," stresses the importance of spiritual values. One of the greatest dangers to free countries is not to believe in themselves. They have been told, for the last hundred years, that their type of society was moribund, that all the things their ancestors believed in were obsolete. We see to-day the effects of such confusion in the minds of the young. Civilization has been the slow work of many generations. To undermine it is to pave the way for reactionary movements. Mr. Taylor is not only a traveller, reporter, and commentator; he is also a philosopher. "Time runs out. God's time is now."

Henry J. Taylor warns that Hitler still plans to invade England.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HOW CHARACTERS PROTECTED THEMSELVES

Mr. Howard G. Bayles, of Houston, Texas, asks you to identify some well-known literary characters from the following brief descriptions of the ways in which they protected themselves. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. By looking through his legs.
2. By attaching a head to her shield.
3. By wearing the cloak of invisibility.
4. By a bath.
5. By lying on the ground.
6. By throwing a pebble.
7. By playing a lyre.
8. By being lashed to a mast.
9. By carrying a piece of string.
10. By letting his hair grow.
11. By looking at his adversary in a mirror.
12. By smelling a flower.
13. By remembering that a solar eclipse was due.
14. By wearing black stockings.
15. By being early for appointments.
16. By pretending to be an invalid.
17. By tying a quarter of mutton to his chest.
18. By cutting down a climbing vine.
19. By leaping from floe to floe.
20. By telling stories.

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Waiting for America

PRISONERS OF HOPE. By Howard L. Brooks. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Corp. 1942. 319 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS KERNAN

IT seems that little has changed in defeated France since the first few months of German rule. The cord binds tighter, the shadows have darkened, the lines are perhaps etched deeper. But no new patterns emerge, and no important features seem to be added to the reports of those who left France in the last months of 1940.

This is a handicap to a writer such as Mr. Brooks, who spent several months in Marseilles in the summer of 1941. Most of his observations were reasonably well established by other witnesses many months ago. His book has value principally as a record of personal reactions, in the course of his work for the Unitarian Service Committee. These reactions, it must be said, are entirely to his credit.

The work of the Unitarian Committee had to do with clinics in Marseilles and Toulouse, with medical supplies for the concentration camps, and with such help as could be rendered in securing passports and passage to America. The refugees waiting months for a slip of paper are his "prisoners of hope," always clinging to some shred of belief that a miracle will come to their rescue. Panic cannot endure month after month, and there is little hysteria in the scenes that Mr. Brooks recalls. But sometimes help comes too late.

Mr. Brooks apparently accepts the figure of 41,500 interned aliens in France and Africa, of whom 29,000 are in France. Of these, 15,000 are Spanish Loyalists, 9,000 are Germans, and 5,000 are of forty-two mixed countries, mostly Poles and Czechs. If these figures are correct, the refugee problem is not nearly so great as we have been led to believe, and should not be beyond the competence of the French to solve. Of course the Spanish problem was almost cleared away by Franco's amnesty, and by Mexico's generous reception of bona fide political refugees; most Loyalists who remain in France have elected to do so for some reason other than the purely political. But if the figure of German internees is now reduced to 9,000, it is little short of miraculous, and speaks volumes for the efficient work of the various American committees.

The officials of the concentration camps, Mr. Brooks found reasonable and decent men, if unimaginative. This would be an improvement, as in my own brief contacts I did not find them so. Perhaps Mr. Brooks's opinion, as befits a minister of the gospel, is too charitable. The basic violations remain: unspeakable sanitation, rags and tatters, lice, bad medical facilities. Against these the "reasonable and decent" jailors should have reacted by this time, for quantitatively the problem is no longer the Augean one that existed on the day when I saw eighty thousand men behind the barbed wire of Argeles.

Mr. Brooks refers several times with admiration to the work of Varian Fry, and frankly admits that he too was irresistibly drawn into situations where no relief worker has a right to be. His boon companions were the members of the French underground movement, and he tells of carrying various underground papers from one city to another. And yet, he seems naively surprised that the Vichy police watch him, and is piqued by their treatment of Mr. Fry. Now it is obvious that any government, even a puppet government, is going to try to defend itself through its police, and is within its rights in doing so. The various relief committees were admitted into France with the guarantee that they would not indulge in political activities, and their possibilities to relieve human suffering have been seriously hampered by the free-lance enthusiasms of some of their workers. Mr. Brooks was probably an embarrassment to the Unitarian Committee, but at this safe distance we can be grateful for his temerity. He knew intimately some of the most intelligent underground workers, and his contacts with them supply the most original and interesting passages of his book. Disappointing to the American liberal, he found small enthusiasm for General de Gaulle, and the underground worker is not necessarily a de Gaullist. We learn that a large part of the French population would prefer someone else, such as General Catroux.

A number of clippings from various French papers—Vichy-controlled and underground—are included after each chapter, and are illuminating as photographs in support of the various opinions of the book. Perhaps Mr. Brooks quotes too freely from *Gringoire,* without explaining to the unwary reader that *Gringoire* is run by a gang of Corsican freebooters who represent the voice of France—even of Vichy France—no more authentically than *Social Justice* is the voice of America. In an almost unguarded moment the author admits that there are many shades of opinion at Vichy, and that if some of the Vichy men are blackguards indeed, there are others who cannot now act differently, but whose hearts are probably in the right place.

Mr. Brooks's title applies specifically to the refugees, but in a larger way it belongs to the whole French people among whom he worked. He found them dazed, incoherent, humiliated, but still prisoners of hope. They too wait for a miracle from America, this time not just a slip of paper. For them the miracle must be the sword.

—*Oil painting by Georges Schreiber.*

Refugees are waiting "for a miracle from America."

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The Prospects of Society

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS. By George Soule. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

GEORGE SOULE has asked himself the question: why cannot we do as well with our society as we know how? His answer is that we have not applied to our social problems the full resources of the scientific methods and knowledge that we have available. "Our chief hope for the avoidance of such disasters as depression and war, and the achievement of positive ends made possible by material progress, lies not in improvised or quack doctrines, not in the promises of new messiahs, and not in religious revivalism, but in a better application of scientifiic method to an understanding of man and society."

The author makes a serious attempt to point the way toward such a synthesis of our knowledge about how human beings act as individuals and in society as will guide us in directing human conduct to good ends. He is sufficiently modest not to claim that he has all the answers but to state that he is only trying to frame the right questions. His good intentions are somewhat dissipated by a too-discursive recapitulation of the histories of the sciences which sidetracks him from sufficient concentration on their interrelations and immediate contributions to our needs. Some chapters read more like an outline of science than a synthetic blending of scientific ideas. In spite of Mr. Soule's scorn of doctrine his volume makes clear that we need to produce a profoundly philosophical mind to integrate the various interpretations of man and society into a coherent pattern on the basis of which a plan of action may be devised.

This points up the chief weakness of the book. It is so exclusively preoccupied with "scientific method" that it denies the validity of other ways of thinking about human beings and their relationships. It may be that we do not need "improvised or quack doctrines" but we do need doctrines to define the "positive ends" and " the values" on which he insists. Similarly, while we deny the usefulness of "the promises of new messiahs" we do have to acknowledge the necessity for leaders and their words. "Religious revivalism" may be dangerous, but emotional devotion to what is deemed good is essential. In other words, the book is weakened by the fact that it is the brief of an advocate for science rather than an inclusive attempt to mobilize all the methods and motives that operate in men's conduct. In the field it covers it is full of active suggestions, but it falls into the error of asserting that its limited approach is the only possible one. I seemed to catch the overtones of Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley, and the nineteenth century believers in a scientific utopia so clearly that they drowned out such later men as Whitehead, Einstein, and Eddington.

We stand in need of a new scepticism probing deeper than anything we have yet discovered. It must question the methodology that has given us mastery of our physical world and the beguiling instruments of our own power. We have been steadily converting ourselves into cogs of the machines we have created until our machines have whirled us into new mazes of relationships with which we are apparently incapable of coping. Our bewilderment will continue to engulf us tragically until we rediscover the magnitude of man himself, and relegate machines to the instrumental function they are fitted to fulfill. We have made man a little lower than his own inventions and then entangled him further in their power by sublimating mechanical thinking into an arrogant and exclusive philosophy. The machine may be analogous to man at certain points,

George Soule

but it is not a final parallel. Scientific method will illuminate certain areas of human conduct, but it cannot encompass the whole man. That in him which is natively irrational will escape his own reason. Part of our emancipation from the evils we have created is to discover the limitations of the reason itself. To this end scientific thinking may show us the way, and to this extent Mr. Soule is a useful guide, but beyond this he suffers from a concept of man that is too limited and too artless.

English Traits

BRITISH LIFE AND THOUGHT: AN ILLUSTRATED SURVEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1941. 479 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE British Council, formed in the mid-thirties by British leaders in public life, was a somewhat belated recognition of the importance of publicity, even to the stablest of governments. This book, issued by the Council, assembles in one volume eleven pamphlets, printed separately in 1940, dealing with various aspects of British political and cultural life. The writers are all well-known and respected experts in the fields they cover, and their essays are competent, clear, informative. Professor A. Berriedale Keith on the "British Commonwealth," J. E. Hales on "British Education," L. Dudley Stamp on "The Face of England" (an essay on human geography), Bernard Darwin on "British Sport and Games," Earl Baldwin on "The Englishman"—indeed, all these essayists—have an intimate, personal knowledge of what they are writing about, a love of British ways, a quiet enthusiasm that hardly deserves so noisy a name as patriotism. The book as a whole is certainly not a critical study of a great nation; only an individual, a Bryce, a Tocqueville, can write that sort of book. But there is much honest information in "British Life and Thought," and straightforward reflection of a national temperament and way of life.

The book will surely help keep old friends of Britain in America. To this reviewer, however, it seems unlikely that the book will make new friends for Britain in America. Perhaps that task is beyond propaganda—beyond the propaganda of words and pictures, at any rate. Perhaps the Germans are right. The only good propaganda may be the kind that arouses fears more strong than hatreds. But the tone of "British Life and Thought" is not a tone that makes converts. It is too *Anglican,* in the comfortable, latitudinarian sense of that word; the revivalist touch is lacking. You just can't convince people who, for some reason, dislike the British, that the British Navy has since 1588 been the big, good-natured, disinterested policeman of the seas. Yet that is just what Professor Michael Lewis tries to do.

However, "British Life and Thought" is so faithfully upper-class British that it is bound to warm, and keep warm, the hearts of those who love Britain today. But there ought to be some way of keeping the book out of the hands of the heathen.

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of Literature

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BOOK ARMAMENT

MAJOR A. P. de SEVERSKY'S "Victory through Air Power" (reviewed on page 5), is the most recent of a number of hard-hitting and dynamic books on military strategy which are making up for a lot of lost time. Together with such books on modern military theory as Lt. Col. W. F. Kernan's "Defense Will Not Win the War," Fletcher Pratt's "America and Total War," Paul Schubert's "Sea Power in Conflict," and Hanson Baldwin's "United We Stand," Major de Seversky's new work goes a long way toward taking up the lag between the military imperatives of the day and the available literature on the subject from an American or British point of view.

The dimensions of this lag become apparent in surveying books on new military theory or related subjects addressing themselves to a popular audience and published in the decade preceding the present war. Liddell Hart's "The War in Outline" and "The Defense of Britain," with their emphasis on defensive warware, not only led but set the pace for the entire field. Indeed, it was in the pages of this magazine, in reviewing a new symposium, "What Would be the Character of a New War?" published in 1933, that Captain Hart made some of his strongest remarks concerning both the superiority of the defense and the limited role of air power in the war to come.

"The popular idea," said Mr. Hart, "is that if another war comes, it will be waged mainly in and by the air; that it will begin with the launching of vast aerial armadas against the enemy's cities." But the popular idea, Mr. Hart went on to say, was pretty wide of the mark, since the military authorities favored the idea of a new war "beginning where the last left off, with the important difference that they have less of modern equipment."

For himself, Mr. Hart pictured something of a stalemate in the coming war. "It is doubtful whether the armies would ever come to the point of sighting each other; whether they would ever come within reach of the battlefield." Or: "Even if we allow for the customary misuse of any new weapon, and also make a heavy discount from the claims made for the accuracy of air bombing, it remains difficult to see how an army of one or two million men on foot could get under way and make a time-table advance like that of the Germans in 1914." [!]

His opinion concerning "What Would Be the Character of a New War?" as expressed in that review, was generally critical. He found it long on quantity but short on quality, suffering from the "technician's fault of missing the wood for the trees."

Mr. Hart made no mention in his review of the two contributions to that volume which *did* manage to make some fairly accurate predictions, as later events were witness, concerning the nature of a new conflict. And those two contributions, curiously enough, were by a German general and an American-educated Japanese official. Here, if the world had been smart enough to sit up and take notice, was a complete give-away of Nazi and Japanese strategy and tactics in the war to come. The excuse has been offered that the democracies can trace their poor showing to the revolutionary nature of the warfare that broke over their heads without warning. How were they to know that the war would be so new, so different? How, indeed! Here, in an openly published and distributed book—moreover, in a book where the contributors themselves included many of the leading military strategists and officers—and where the very title was an invitation to learning—was the whole story told well in advance by prominent German and Japanese authorities concerning the methods they would use in a new conflict. The German was Lieutenant-General Von Metzsch, the Japanese, G. Hosono. Listen to Von Metzsch on the coming war:

"Surprise air attacks . . . may be decisive. Their destructive power is enormous. It is a hundred times greater than it was during the World War. . . . Fighting will be centered upon securing a base of operations in the enemy's territory. . . . No state equipped with modern arms can protect its country from the onslaughts of a similarly armed enemy if it remains within its own frontiers. . . . Everyone and everything will be involved in the war. . . . Five hundred thousand pamphlets scattered among an already dissatisfied people may be more effective than an air raid. . . . Propaganda is as valuable an arm as firearms and artillery and chemicals. It must be used, not in the last resort upon an army that has already suffered in battle, but immediately upon outbreak of hostilities as a normal means of conducting a war. . . . *Future wars will be offensive to the highest possible degree.*"

And for a picture of modern total war, this is what G. Hosono had to say:

"In modern war, all factors of national life come into operation. . . . The distinction established by international law between civil and belligerent population will lose its significance. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to make a clear distinction between combatants and non-combatants. Furthermore, a distinction between peace-time armaments and war-time armaments can no longer be maintained. . . . The revolutionary change of weapons has not only altered the character of warfare, but it has increased the scale upon which fighting is carried on. . . . In future war, weapons will play the predominant part in land, sea, and air warfare."

Looking back now, it almost seems that these two contributions were written with impunity. But apparently their authors had nothing to fear. For even though they were playing poker with their cards open, they knew that the rest of the world was so smug, so saturated with the correctness and wisdom of its own position that they could do just about everything but announce to it the time and place that the war would start and be certain that nobody would listen—not even the general in the next chapter.

We are paying the price now not only of unpreparedness or surprise, but, what is worse, the price of incredible blindness. We were blind to reality and the imperatives of the day, blind to the consequences of our own wishful thinking, which rationalized our desire to fight according to the type of war we should prefer to fight—that is, if we had to fight at all, and some of us even believed we could keep out of it by getting Congress to pass a law.

Well, now we're learning the hard way. And, little by little, the literary tide is beginning to turn. We are getting the books that can tell us the facts of life as they relate to what we have to do to stay alive in a world of dynamite and crushing steel. Books such as "Victory through Air Power" and "Defense Will Not Win the War" should have the effect of a dash of cold water on any lingering false illusions. Still, it's a pity that those books hadn't come sooner.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Moon Is Down"

SIR:—May I say that Norwegians—at least those with whom I have discussed Mr. Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down," while highly impressed with his almost uncanny analysis of the moods of unarmed resistance against the Nazis in Norway, feel, that Mr. Steinbeck's characterization of the Germans per se is wide from the mark. During the last two years—and tomorrow it will be the second anniversary of the invasion—the Norwegian people have suffered beyond human comprehension at the hands of the Huns.—We know. We have sworn testimony to this effect. There is no record of altruistic or intellectual Germans endeavoring to rub a little Riga Balsam in the open wounds of our people. They are tough, brutal, cynical and ignorant men with a fine flair for perversion and sadism. We deeply regret that John Steinbeck did not dip his pen in the vitriolic inkstand from, let us say, "Grapes of Wrath" and paint a picture of the "conquerors" as they really are.

On the other hand, and in justification of Mr. Steinbeck, may I say, that he has portrayed the heroic resistance of a basically peace loving people with great understanding. I believe that the kind of opposition rendered by the people of Norway against the powers of occupation is a concrete contribution to the winning of the war. The Germans brought with them to Norway weapons for physical destruction and psychological terror, but time has shown that they cannot dive-bomb nor torpedo the spirit of a nation. We have published under the title "He Who Laughs—Lasts" a volume of anecdotes from Norway, showing that nothing has baffled and tormented the Germans more than the grim chuckle of a people in mortal peril.

HANS OLAV.

Royal Norwegian Legation,
Washington, D. C.

Irregulars, Attention!

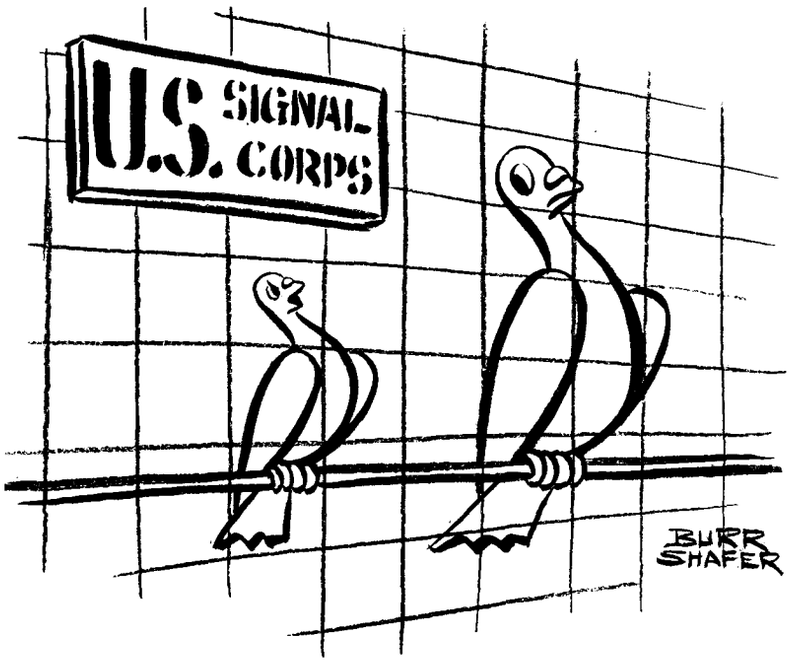
SIR:—All good Irregulars will be stirred by the communication you have received anent the ominous similarities between "The Sign of Four" and "Treasure Island." The points your correspondent makes are significant and challenging; but the letter he has written will excite the student of the Holmesian lore not on the score of its polemics, but for the signature it bears.

H. F. Watson! Let us not forget that John H. Watson's father, by the evidence of the fifty-guinea watch, was H. Watson, Sr.; and let us remember, too, that the good doctor was a sentimentalist at heart, and that he would have been strongly inclined to honor any son he may have had with the name of one whose memory he revered, even though that name had been borne also by an unworthy and profligate elder brother. The "F," equally sentimentally perhaps, may be the initial of the maiden name of Watson's second (or third) wife, whose identity is still a mystery: if it were only an "M" we could harbor no possible doubts that revelation had really come.

Are the portals, indeed, to be opened up to us at last? May we hope, with eager hearts, that the travel-worn and battered tin dispatch box, so long mourned as lost in the vaults of Cox and Company in Charing Cross, London, will some day be emptied before our eyes in Indianola, Iowa?

EDGAR W. SMITH.

Buttons, B. S. I.



"I'll be glad when I'm big enough to deliver something besides postscripts."

Amalgam

SIR:—Emboldened by a few recent statements, may I ask if there would be some one hand lifted in agreement to the following: that John Steinbeck is Harold Bell Wright turned seamy side out; Ernest Hemingway a stepped-up Michael Arlen; and J. A. Cronin Elsie Dinsmore in disguise? Or is this going just too, too far?

PHYLLIS VANES.

Norfolk, Va.

SRL Cover

SIR:—Congratulations to *SRL* and hozannas to E. McKnight for April 11 cover design.

A happy, happy Greeks.
Who saw Eternal Beauty everywhere,
Whose Gods drew near when joy or grief
Was more than mortal soul could bear.
O happy, happy Greeks,
Who carved their hopes and dreams in lasting stone.
And even built a shrine to praise
Tho glory of a God unknown—

ELIZABETH LA DOW.

Difficult Search

SIR:—Kipling's story about Shakespeare, the Davenants, and the King James Bible which R. Ellis Roberts mentions in his review of Charles C. Butterworth's "The Literary Lineage of the King James Bible" is unknown to me, but I can detect at least two errors in it—for which either Kipling or Mr. Roberts may be responsible. In the first place, the person who *may* have introduced the Oxford sub-committee to Shakespeare cannot have been Will Davenant, no matter whether one believes or disbelieves the tale of his Shakespearean paternity, since Will was only five years old in 1611 and was therefore even younger when the sub-committee *may* have "condescended" to allow Shakespeare "to revise their version of Isaiah." If any Davenant had that happy function, it must have been Will's legal father, John Davenant, vintner and later mayor of Oxford. In the second place, the name of the house where the putative meeting occurred was not the "Crown Inn" but simply "The Tavern." Not until 1666, long after it had passed from the hands of the Davenant family, did it become known as "The Crown," the name which Aubrey and others have perpetuated for literature.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.

Northwestern University.

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Hubbard . . .

RIVERS TO THE SEA. By Lucien Hubbard. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1942. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS first novel by a veteran Hollywood director unequivocally lives up to its publishers' announcement: it tells a story, it is unashamed and unpretentious, it has a hero and a villain, suspense and climaxes, it is a success story. "Rivers to the Sea" is in most ways as old-fashioned as cornbread and hominy, plain food with no subtle sauces. There is so much of a tale to unfold and so little time to do it (the novel is not long) that little effort is devoted to such trivia as style and characterization. It is G. A. Henty with a few bagnio gestures.

It is the tale of the building of the first river steamer in the West, and its exciting maiden voyage. In 1811 Nicholas Roosevelt, associate of Robert Livingston and Robert Fulton, built the *Natchez* in Pittsburgh. At first the boatmen and other villagers, like Noah's skeptical friends, laughed and jeered at the weird, grasshopperlike machine. Later the possibility of success jolted the keelboatmen into realizing that their day on the river might soon be gone with the wind, and there followed the same agitation that attended the introduction of the spinning machine and power loom. Finally launched and equipped, the *Natchez* started its sensational trip to New Orleans. Delayed and harried by sabotage, murderous river pirates, and the most severe earthquakes in American history, it steamed proudly into New Orleans, its safe arrival a miracle of adventure fiction.

Thus began a new epoch, the Steamboat Age, making possible the settlement and development of the great valleys long before the railroad reached into the West. Few guessed in 1811 that the Mississippi steamboat would help knit the spawling, heterogeneous infant nation together, that within a few years the Ohio and Mississippi steamboats would surpass in tonnage the entire merchant navy of Great Britain.

The author, a pioneer scenario writer and later a producer and director for many years, makes good use of the crisp, dramatic, or melodramatic episode. In fact, "Rivers to the Sea" is much like an expanded scenario which, because of its many climaxes and crafty use of suspense, is more designed for an adventure serial than for a film of ordinary proportions.

Lucien Hubbard

William Faulkner

Faulkner . . .

GO DOWN, MOSES. By William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 1942. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, II

IF the Ten Commandments had come down with the original Moses in the tortured composition of these seven stories they would have been broken even more often than they have been. God's people would have lacked the wit or the patience to uncross their puzzles and get their point. It isn't the customary miscegenation, rot, murder, and ruin that make Mr. Faulkner so irritating in this book, for his public is accustomed to these now and understands that the true art in him is entitled to the subjects-matter which provoke it. It is the intensive exercise required for flashing back with his flash-backs, running up and down his family trees, computing the percentages of white, black, and Indian blood in each character, holding one chapter's unintelligible hint in mind until it appears more broadly in another chapter and finally interrupts with full details a situation which has absorbed you in still another chapter. The Faulkner genius is just great enough to make you wish his stories unwound without giving you the energy to unwind them.

The seven in this book are related and all have to do with a group of Mississippi delta people and their descendants from Indian times to these. Reading the stories with Hitler's war going on tends to make you give names to certain of their motifs. You seem to recognize the stern and bloody survivings which the Nazis preach, the pure democracies Walt Whitman sang, and the fatal heredity and environment which made the late Clarence Darrow pity all men for their crimes.

Even though there is plenty of both, there is a contagious more of the primitive than of the depraved in this book. We who are called on now for our instincts of survival can feel the click of words like these:

> It was of the men, not white nor black nor red but men, hunters, with the will and hardihood to endure and the humility and skill to survive, and the dogs and the bear and deer juxtaposed and reliefed against it, ordered and compelled by and within the wilderness in the ancient and unremitting contest according to the ancient and immitigable rules which voided all regrets and brooked no quarter;—the best game of all, the best of all breathing . . .

In the story called "The Bear" from which this passage is taken and another called "The Fire and the Hearth" the narrative is so cleanly absorbing, so sharp-sighted, faithful, and smooth, that while it lasts you forget all the hard work that brought you there and will take you away. Maybe it is Mr. Faulkner's theory that appreciation is multiplied by difficulty. But on the whole the theory seems more to be that a book is a contest between a reader's desire to know what it is about and an author's determination to withhold the knowledge as long as possible.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 422)

THOMAS PAINE:
THE RIGHTS OF MAN

With how much more glory and advantage to itself does a nation act when it exerts its powers to rescue the world from bondage and to create to itself friends, than when it employs those powers to increase ruin . . . and misery.

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Robinson . . .

ISLAND NOON. By Mabel Louise Robinson. New York: Random House. 1942. 294 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

THIS is the able Miss Robinson's first novel for adults and it springs full-armed into the ranks of veterans. It has a sturdy plot, three-pronged though hardly the conventional triangle story, and the two brothers who love the same woman are brought vividly and heartily to life. Perry and Mark Holden are Maine coast men. Perry is handsome, unscrupulous, and dangerous for the girls who love him and he will leave any of them for his real love, the sea. Mark, the elder, is a hunchback, as steady and honorable as his brother is volatile and unprincipled. Abby Willis, vibrant, headstrong, and freshly beautiful, faces pregnancy in desperation when Perry sails away with a word, to marry a rich girl from the city. She marries Mark without love and without telling him of her coming child. His delight when he learns of it makes it impossible for Abby, swept by gratitude, to tell him that he is not its father. As the months go by she is caught tighter in the web she has made of her life and Mark's.

The building of their island home draws Mark and Abby together with so tenuous a thread that each reappearance of Perry threatens to snap it. All the time Abby is growing stronger, more mature, and more deeply involved in her two loyalties. Miss Robinson has made this development completely real and very moving. The background of the novel has a great deal to do with its persuasiveness. The bleak coast, shaken by wind and storm, then resting in the quiet beauty of summer, sets the mood for the phases of bitterness and passion, of sacrifice and, in the end, serenity. The novel's secondary interest lies in the knowing creation of Abby's two children, Perry's self-absorbed daughter and Mark's quiet son, the long silence of whose babyhood haunted Abby as a judgment on her.

"Island Noon" is a fine, restrained, and absorbingly interesting novel, warmer and more dramatic than "Windswept."

Word has been received from England that Robert St. John, author of "From the Land of Silent People," has applied through the Ministry of Information to the Ministry of Labor for work in a munitions factory to occupy the time not needed for his broadcasting activities.

"Carrying lots of pressure these days . . ."

"THERE is more steam up in the Bell System than I ever remember. The wires hum with war and wartime production. There's more telephoning than ever before.

"The pressure of war and war's work is on — especially on our toll lines. If you are going to use Long Distance you can help by —

Knowing the number you want to call.

Calling in the less busy hours — before 10 A. M. and after 8 P. M., for example.

"Let's give vital war calls the right of way and make equipment go as far as possible, saving copper and other materials for the war."

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They are singing the praises of

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GREATEST BOOK

THE Last Time I Saw Paris

LEWIS GANNETT: "A beautiful and bawdy and emotional book. It made me chuckle and it made me gulp; more often it made me smile . . . At his best in this book, he is a masterful story-teller."
—*Herald Tribune*

BURTON RASCOE: "It is inconceivable that a better book, fiction or non-fiction will be published this year."—*Chicago Sun*

NEWSWEEK: "Hilariously funny and charmingly poignant. He is at his best when he joins bawdy humor with delicate sensitivity, and this is in his finest vein."

CHARLES LEE: "A poignantly human record of a vanquished and vanished France . . . People dominate the book, but all Paris is in it, the noble and the corrupt, the decadent and the decent, the markets and brothels and churches, its literature and art, its plumbing and horse meat, its Staviskys and Herriots and Lavals."
—*Philadelphia Record*

JANET FLANNER: "It is not only one book readers must read—and don't worry, once you start it you must read it to the last acrid, smoking page. It is several books . . . autobiography, biography, geography, obituary and epitaph."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

421 PAGES, $2.75
A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

Wellman . . .

ANGEL WITH SPURS. By Paul I. Wellman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1942. 508 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ENGLE

THE march of General Jo Shelby's never-surrender Confederates from Texas to Mexico City in 1865 was one of those unbelievable events that happened with common abundance throughout the history of this continent. "Angel with Spurs" begins with the gathering of Shelby's men at Austin, Texas. It carries them down to the Rio Grande, where they decide to fight not for the Mexican leader Juarez but for the French-imposed emperor Maximilian. This results in their continual harassment by the Juaristas night and day until they reach the French outposts. For weeks they wait in Mexico City for an audience with Maximilian, only to have him, in spite of Shelby's eloquent and imaginative outline of the power his men could bring to the throne, refuse even to enlist them. Shelby is left without army or hope.

In any novel professedly based on history there is this constant question—do the reconstructed incidents and the men who committed them live again in the texture of the author's words? In this novel, they live only fragmentarily. Like so much historical fiction, the book wavers between a true and often dramatic account of the great march, and an overly romanticized love story forced into the intervals of historical narration. The invented tale of love that is first thwarted by sad vicissitude (a chance kiss in the wilderness!) and then finally attained, cannot compete with the simple and desperate facts of history. When the book follows the march of the Shelby men, their suffering by thirst and disease, their skillful fighting, its quality leaps up with interest and it moves as clean and alert narrative.

The story of the girl Merit Hampton is hardly believable. When she appears, the writing becomes as soft as her blonde hair. She is first seen, disguised in an old Confederate uniform, riding with a tough gang of bushwhacking cavalry. Then she rides, alone or with one adoring Mexican or with two soldiers, through great areas of wild Texas. Ultimately she arrives at Mexico City with laces and virtue intact. It is a shame that the weakening coincidences and triteness of the love story detract from the excitement of the fight at the river crossing and the duel with Bowie knives by firelight in the remote mountains. We know beforehand that the little girl of eighteen will not meet a fate worse than death because, at the ultimate moment, a grateful guerrilla leader will step out of the concealing bushes with levelled rifle. The writing answers to the subject, moving with pace and power when there is action, unreal and falsely poetic when describing love-making or scenery. The talk of the men, however, is always genuine and often amusing.

This should have been Jo Shelby's book, the story of his mad and marvelous vision of a Mexico made strong by fifty thousand ex-Confederate fighting men, looking southward for power and glory and empire. He is a solid figure, in a book where the central characters are hardly more than type.

"A pioneer work — the only book in its field"
—*American Library Association*

Spiritual Aspects of the New Poetry

By AMOS NIVEN WILDER

Modern poetry is here carefully and thoroughly assessed for its contribution to, and reflection of, our spiritual life. Here is the one book that provides a key to what our poets are saying.

"This healthy book really is a canvass of the variety of spiritual quest in contemporary Anglo-Saxondom."—*New York Herald Tribune "Books"*

"A distinctive and constructive book, one that took courage as well as knowledge to write."—*New York Times Book Review*

"Such a book has been needed, and the task of evaluation and analysis has been carried out with poise and skill."—*Christendom*

$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS
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Suyin . . .

DESTINATION CHUNGKING. By Han Suyin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. (An Atlantic Monthly Book.) 1942. 367 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by S. H. CHEN

IN order to enjoy this book, you had better from the start imagine yourself flying in a plane beneath the vast Chinese skies—with a Chinese young lady as your companion-guide. Or better still, you might imagine yourself a good elderly lady flying on her first trip to China, then you will keep saying, "It is heaps of fun. Isn't it?" And more often than not, you will exclaim: "Oh, oh, oh, but this is horrible! Monstrous!" Nevertheless you feel thrilled—with Suyin by your side. If you read quickly (and I wonder how you could do otherwise with this book), in three hours your imaginary flight will cover, say, twenty years of modern China. But do not promise yourself to obtain very much true knowledge out of your reading. What you will have will be only an "impression." It is a very charming one, but can hardly do you any good —if your ambition is to become a "China expert" or a good missionary to do splendid work in China.

The trouble is with your lady-guide. She is a very good one, as far as her company is concerned. What she has to tell you will interest you tremendously. But that is all, I hope. She impresses you with her good English, in such a way that you feel her mistakes about common Chinese names are not too surprising. The "red-faced god" in green robe is Kuan Yu, whom she calls *Kuang Fei.* The confusion is strange. The "god" has a sworn brother, equally famous, named Chang Fei. But Chang Fei's face is black. There were never ancient Chinese emperors called *Shen* and *Wu* in our history who could inspire such elegiac retrospection as told by Han Suyin in relation to her "pacifism." Probably she means Yao and Shuen. There was an emperor Wu. But he made a bloody war to enthrone himself. However, you do not mind. These mistakes will shock every Chinese village schoolmaster. But your lady guide was brought up in a missionary university in Peking, and is a "returner" from England. She can pronounce your name more correctly than those of the Chinese emperors.

She will present to you a bird's eye view of modern China, in a fleeting and striking manner. It is colorful, inviting, but, as a bird's eye view needs must be, very superficial. You will catch glimpses of the alluring splendor of Peking, the majestic beauty of Heng-

A letter from a connoisseur

Henry Holt and Company
257 Fourth Ave., New York

Gentlemen:

Thank you very much for THE MIDNIGHT READER. I have, I think, all the important collections of ghost stories, but there is none that I am more glad to possess; and indeed, if I could have only one, this would certainly be the book. It is without doubt the finest horror anthology from the point of view of sheer literary merit, that there is.--And as Conan Doyle's brigadier said, "She was exquisite, and when, I, Etienne Gerard, say of a woman that she was exquisite, I have judgment, I have standards, I have the means of comparison. Of all the women who have loved me, there are not twenty to whom I would apply such a term as that."

Well, I have the means of comparison too. I have read all the good ghost stories, and an unbelievable number of bad ones, and I do not believe that it would be possible to assemble a better collection than Mr. Stern has done. His introduction is a fine piece of work, too, a real contribution to criticism in a neglected field. And finally, I should like to congratulate him, if the idea was his, for those tantalizing sample sentences in the table of contents. I pity the man who can read so much as the table of contents without feeling that ancestral bristling of the mane. Thank you again.

Yours most sincerely,
Basil Davenport

April 13, 1942

You, too, will enjoy THE MIDNIGHT READER, edited by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN. 564 pages. $2.75. Henry Holt and Company, N. Y.

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shan, the magnificent Yantze River, tortuous highways carved by manual labor, long treks, refugees, wounded soldiers, the Red Cross, bombs, bombs, and fire . . . Madame Chiang Kai-shek. . . .

But you cannot neglect your lady-guide. For it is she herself that all the time she is talking about. She tells you about her marriage, the wounds and hurts of the war, the contrast between the old and the new China (with a little too much stress), the heart-rending scenes in bomb-beleaguered Chungking etc. etc. . . . all that she has personally gone through. She has little to add to what perhaps you have already read, or imagined, about China. But you will not be bored, because these are told by her very charming self.

One admires Han Suyin's good English. But one cannot help feeling the pity that thousands of Chinese young women today, who would have more to say than Han Suyin, are not able to master this useful foreign language. Let us call her book authentic inasmuch as every Chinese young women through these recent years might have written a part of it.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Peter Pan.
2. Minerva.
3. Siegfried.
4. Achilles.
5. Antaeus.
6. David.
7. Arion.
8. Ulysses.
9. Theseus.
10. Samson.
11. Perseus.
12. Ulysses, when visiting Circe.
13. Hank Morgan, the Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, and Good, in King Solomon's Mines.
14. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.
15. The third little pig.
16. Sherlock Holmes.
17. Sindbad.
18. Jack, of Jack and the Beanstalk.
19. Eliza Harris.
20. Scheherazade.

Don't miss the season's great spy-thriller!

by Katharine Roberts

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Fighters against Fascism

THE SIXTH COLUMN: Inside the Nazi-occupied countries. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1942. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

UNDERGROUND EUROPE. By Curt Riess. New York: The Dial Press. 1942. 325 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

THESE two books tell the same inspiring story of a strange army. Both praise the heroism of this "invisible" force without even a name. But the fighters against fascism understand each other, perfectly, and tales of their almost unbelievable exploits are continuously smuggled out of that vast concentration camp, Nazi-occupied Europe. In the "Sixth Column," representatives of ten hapless nations, refugees of such high literary or political rank as, for instance, Jan Masaryk, Karin Michaelis, and Genevieve Tabouis, have made these good tidings the basis of their sober and yet thrilling account of the ever-growing irredentist movement that reaches from the Bay of Biscay to the Black Sea, from the North Cape to the isle of Crete. More or less the same documentary material, was used in Curt Riess's book which, necessarily more coherent than "The Sixth Column," reads like a novel, fervently written as it is, although it refrains from giving anything but facts and figures—truth which is always stranger than fiction.

Before delving into the activities of the "Sixth Column," the antithesis of the "Fifth Column," both books start with a breath-taking record of Nazi-Europe's sufferings. The Czechs, for instance, have "not even the shadow of that legal security enjoyed by the colored native in the most backward African colony" (Jan Masaryk). Yet despite mass arrests and wholesale slaughter they are perhaps the most formidable foes of the Axis on the continent. Sabotage is terrific in Czech industries. The Skoda arms factories dropped their output as much as fifty per cent. Bombs dropped on England did not explode, for they were filled—with sand; in one of them a paper slip was found, bearing the inscription: "long live liberty. Good wishes from Czech workers on the home front." In Poland the Germans are being harassed by numerous guerilla bands, striking from the vast forests. In France everybody helps the R.A.F. men to reach the coast or cross the Spanish border. Countless Norwegians escape to England to join the Allied forces. In Serbia the peasants manufacture their handgranades themselves —empty bottles turned into "Molotov cocktails." Tiny Denmark has turned into a "land of ice," where passive resistance makes life most miserable for the German occupational army.

The New Order does not work—because Hitler has to deal with human beings, not with machines. Even the children cannot be silenced or fooled. When a teacher in Holland asked his

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PURSUIT OF A PARCEL *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	English secret agent and adopted brother in Nazi ranks fight grim duel for bundle of damning dictograph records.	Swiftly-paced, sinuous, and exciting espionage yarn with quick-witted English girl carrying off stellar honors in deception.	Good thriller
VICIOUS CIRCLE *Manning Long* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Slugs of arsenic and blasts of birdshot enliven visit of Investigator Parrott and ex-artist model wife to rural relations.	York State family complications with grisly outcome imperil inquisitive Liz Parrott but fail to dampen her ebullient spirits.	Lively
DEATH ON THE AISLE *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.)	Ice-pick murder at Broadway rehearsal and subsequent bathtub death solved by Lt. Weigand with the Norths assisting nobly.	Theatrical background capital; detecting excellent, and mystery value high—but one wishes the Norths were less subdued.	Satisfying
CALAMITY TOWN *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Mr. Queen, rusticating incog., enmeshes self in small-town family tangle and writes finis to mysterious arsenical poisonings.	Premeditated murder tracked to its astounding source in the most astute Queen fashion with reverse English finish that springs real surprise.	Ace-high

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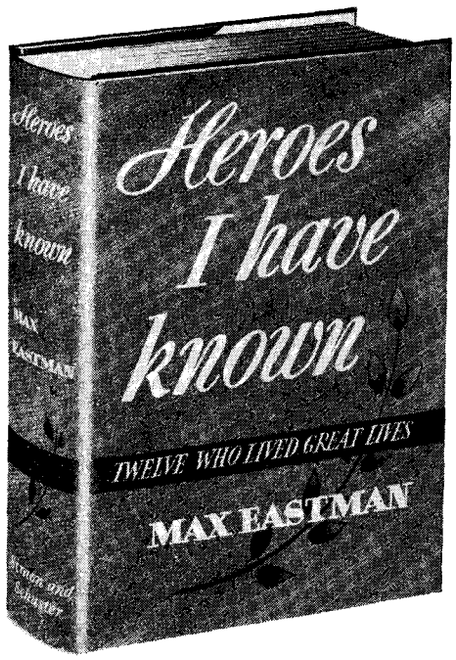
class to write a composition on the theme "Our Dog," one child started its essay as follows: "When Queen Wilhelmina still lived at the Hague, all the dogs were happy." Miraculously, the underdogs have not even lost their sense of humor: a few of the scores of underground papers in Poland are "comics," with the motto: "We are laughing over graves." German-speaking Austria has ceased to feel akin to the Nordic master race (if it ever did): there's a new slogan used as a greeting in the factories there: "We shall not lose the war"—the stress being on the "we."

Obviously only a selection of all checked facts is given in the books, since some of the most daring exploits of the Sixth Column may not be fit for premature publication; moreover, even the most stunning blows against the Axis, as here recorded, may be surpassed in audacity by deeds which will remain unknown outside the Gestapo offices for the duration. Altogether, it is proved by these books that Underground Europe paralyzes much of Germany's military strength (over a quarter million men are needed to police Bohemia and Moravia alone) and that even the soldiers of Hitler's "Allies" are anything but eager to pull his chestnuts out of the Russian fire.

Curt Riess, a native of Wuerzburg, Franconia, includes Germany in his report. There is less sabotage done in the Reich, but the slow-down movement has already reached German factories chiefly through imported foreign workers. The main underground work is executed by Communists. Many people who are against Hitler refrain, however, from revolt because they are for "Germany." But quite a few of them show their abhorrence of Nazism by aiding the most pitiable of Hitler's victims, the Jews.

History, it seems, repeats itself. At least all of the smaller nations of Europe, had been under the necessity for short or long periods, of fighting foreign invaders, applying the same tactics as they are using now. Incidentally, Belgian resistance to the German conquerors during the first World War had been warmly applauded by a young radical Italian editor—his name was Benito Mussolini. Now his Blackshirts, in a common front with the Germans, the foes of 1915, are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the intrepid *chetniks* of the Balkans.

The two books are truthful chronicles of our hard times, against the gloomy background of which stands out, in bright colors the devotion of Europe to the cause of freedom. These reports from the V-for Vengeance front will convince any pessimistic American that we have at least a hundred million faithful allies in Nazi-occupied Europe.



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Just published is Max Eastman's new book about twelve notable and heroic people of our own era, written by a man who has been their friend. It is a frankly personal record inspired by close association coupled with critical admiration. The twelve heroes—and heroines—Max Eastman celebrates in his book are:

1. **Annis Ford Eastman**—the hero as parent.
2. **Carlo Tresca**—the hero as agitator.
3. **Eugene Victor Debs**— Greek drama in Cleveland.
4. **Isadora Duncan**—heroism plus heroics.
5. **Art Young**—humor in goodness.
6. **Mark Twain's** Elmira.
7. **Anatole France**—an enthusiasm.
8. **Charlie Chaplin**—actor of one role.
9. **John Reed**—who gave his life to the Revolution.
10. **Leon Trotsky**—his strange and stormy life.
11. **Sigmund Freud**—crotchety even in greatness.
12. **John Dewey**—the hero as teacher.

Heroes I Have Known is a book of heroes, but is not one of adulation. It is a book of 326 pages. Illustrated. Price $3.00.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER · NEW YORK CITY

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THE 32 MILLION-WORD CLASSIC

(*Continued from page 4*)

piled up annually. Sears had a sick giant on its hands.

The temptation to sell must have been great. However, wishing to keep the famous old reference book alive, the company in 1932 placed at the head of the Britannica one of the store's most important executives, Secretary-Treasurer E. Harrison Powell. Forthwith Powell began noting things wrong with the encyclopaedia business. What he found would have turned the stomach of an efficiency expert inside out.

Each new edition took anywhere from three to thirteeen years to prepare; by the time the last volume was ready for printing, the first volumes were out of date. Moreover, as soon as it became known that a new edition was in preparation, the public stopped buying the old. Just when money was needed most for salaries, research, and printing for a new edition, little would come in. Then, with the completion of a new printing, orders jumped, money flowed into the company's coffers, and all would be well for several years. It was a feast-or-famine business.

Powell's solution was to abandon the idea of bringing out a completely new edition every ten or fifteen years, and to substitute a continuous yearly revision of the edition already in existence. Instead of spending $2,000,000 at one crack on a new edition every ten years, he proposed to spend the money bit by bit, bringing out a revised edition each year bearing the date of that year. The idea pulled the Britannica out of the financial ash heap. In two years it was breaking even; in three years it began to make money.

Powell also started the Britannica year-book, a million-and-a-half word volume issued each year which summarizes the main events of the preceding year and is sold to set-owners for $2.85.

Next, he organized a Britannica research service, by which each set owner has the privilege of asking for information on any fifty questions over a ten-year period—questions not covered in full in the Britannica. In the last few years the research service has been requested to supply reports on such subjects as pruning trees, the history of the surveyor's chain in the United States, the history of laundering from 300 B. C. to the death of Cleopatra (requested by a businessman), the evolution of walking sticks. Many writers avail themselves of this research service.

To cap his promotion program, Powell put the Britannica on the air. When it joined Information Please in 1939 and began giving out sets to the winners, the questions submitted by the public to the experts on the program jumped from 6,000 a week to 21,000. Britannica salesmen—there are now 514 of them whereas previously selling had been mostly by mail——occasionally have difficulty selling a set because the prospect is sure that, if he keeps on sending questions to Information Please, he will win a set free. The Britannica gets around this difficulty by promising a full refund to the buyer of a new set if he wins one from Information Please within ninety days. To date refunds have had to be paid to only two people.

Powell never interferes with the editorial side of the Britannica. That is Walter Yust's exclusive domain.

Yust is assisted by a world-wide staff of departmental editors. For example, all articles having to do with biology are handled by Julian Huxley who, under Yust's supervision, decides what subjects in this field shall be covered and which experts shall write the articles. Departmental editors include Deems Taylor (music), Grantland Rice (sports), Roscoe Pound (law), Professor John R. Commons of Wisconsin University (economics), Lt. Col. Calvin Goddard of the United States Army Ordnance Department (military), United States Navy Captain Leland P. Lovette (navy), and many others. Because the war has made communications with foreign authors difficult, more and more Britannica articles are being written by Americans.

The Britannica is revised every eight months. Obviously the whole twenty-four volumes cannot be revamped that often; in fact there would be no need for it since about 30,000 topics representing seventy-five per cent of the material are not subject to change, nothing new being known about them. Under Yust's present plan each article is to be scrutinized twice every ten years and revised if needed; but for all practical revision is confined to about twenty-five per cent of the material.

The choice of articles for revision is

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THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

Next Week:

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE, By Franz Werfel
Reviewed by Richard Plant

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dictated largely by world events. Extensive changes have, of course, been necessary in military, naval, aeronautical, and industrial classifications.

Here is a typical example of the revision process. Yust decided last year that all aeronautical articles needed scrutiny. He wrote to Professor James C. Hunsaker of Massachusetts Institute of Technology who recommended that the job of revision be given to Dr. Daniel Sayre, director of statistics and information for the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Washington.

Sayre was paid a fee, which is usually five dollar a page, to read all the thirty-four aeronautical articles in the Britannica (accelerometer, aerial navigation, aileron, etc.). He was instructed to retain all material still pertinent, to revise or introduce new articles if required. He was warned to avoid technical language, to prepare the articles so that they could be understood by anyone of "average intelligence and education."

Sayre decided that eight of the thirty-four articles required no change. He revised twelve, rewrote, or got others to rewrite thirteen, and omitted one.

The Britannica spends approximately $100,000 a year on editorial revision, not counting printing costs. Each revised edition of 10,000 copies requires six months for printing alone.

Yust claims that the only quality necessary in an encyclopaedia editor is infinite patience—patience to handle a million pesky details. He thinks nothing of personally checking 100,000 index references in a month. He has had many a headache over the length of the Ozark River. In one volume of the Britannica it was given at one length, in another volume at another length. He wrote to five different authorities and got five different answers. "I don't know yet how long the darn thing is," he says.

Some of the eagles in the United States navy's various insignias face left, some right. Which is correct? The navy department was not certain. The Britannica plays safe by showing some eagles facing one way and some the other.

"The hardest thing in this world to get is a fact," Yust concludes sadly. "I mistrust facts."

Perhaps it is for this reason that in his spare time he reads almost nothing but fiction—pocket-size detective novels imported from Britain. Yust would like, some day, to find time to read the Britannica from cover to cover. Only one living person claims to have accomplished that feat. His name, believe it or not, is Shirk—A. Urban Shirk. He is a sales manager and lives in Little Neck, L. I. It took him four and a half years.

TRADE WINDS

HENRY MENCKEN always swore that he would never be one of the sacrificial goats at a literary luncheon, but the high-powered persuaders of the *Herald Tribune* broke him down recently and he came through with a speech that had two thousand ladies quivering with delight. He explained that his book, "In Defense of Women" stemmed from his discovery that every bride he met was infinitely smarter than her somewhat befuddled bridegroom. One touching testimonial that he received for this book came from the death house of a tiny women's prison. It read, "If I had only known how smart I was I would not be here!" His own new dictionary of quotations, he declared, was inspired by a chance reading of the *Congressional Record*. Nine senators quoted the same couplet in obituary speeches. The next evening Henry published a demand for a new collection in the *Baltimore Sun*, and the following day he began to put it together. . . .

As if to prove Mr. Mencken's theory of the dominance of the female, three fair ladies have brushed aside flabbergasted incumbents and seized control of the literary pages of Boston's leading newspapers. Harassed advertising managers are discovering that Bond to Owens to Hillyer is a more lethal chant than Tinker to Evers to Chance. Publishers have just so much to spend on advertising in the Hub, and the battle of these three efficient gals to outshine one another presents a pretty problem. Our own Haroun El Raschid proposed a solution. "Simply rotate your Boston ads," he advised. It sounded perfect—but judging by results, there's a catch in it somewhere. Meanwhile, Boston is getting the best book pages in its history. . . . Charles Lee, a graduate of the *Boston Herald*, is revolutionizing book review methods in Philadelphia. Along with Joe Jackson in San Francisco, and Sterling North in Chicago, he is improving out-of-town book coverage to a point where the New York Sunday book sections, which once had things very much their own way the country over, are having to look to their laurels. One of them is taking steps. Another seems to be blissfully oblivious. . . . Alfred Noyes,

China's great war novel

VILLAGE IN AUGUST

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By the soldier novelist T'IEN CHUN

Introduction by EDGAR SNOW

VILLAGE IN AUGUST is the first contemporary novel ever translated into English. . . . It is the story of a guerrilla band, men and women both, fighting against the Japs, written by a man who fought and bled as one of them.

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Unquenchable courage shines in this story of simple farmers turned warriors . . . of men and women who remain human even when they must be ruthless."

LEWIS GANNETT: "In its desperate simplicity it is deeply moving; this, you realize is how the Chinese resistance grew."

EDGAR SNOW: "It presents with strong integrity and sometimes Rabelaisian intimacy the people of China to whom we owe so much. . . . It has won a place in the company of *Les Miserables* and *Don Quixote*."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: "It has an impact all its own. . . . Not merely a tale of men at war, but a record of men and women who live close to the elements and always in terms of extremes—great hungers, great appetites, sudden death."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "It's like a rushing torrent. . . . Filled with startling stories. . . . Reveals the greatness of the fighting human soul. . . . Wonderfully translated."

NEW YORKER: "Sharp, passionate, convincing. . . . An impressive piece."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS: "Here are people as real, as various, as dramatic in their contacts with new ideas as the famous group in *All Quiet on the Western Front*."

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who is known as a "distinguished poet" although I defy you to give the title of two volumes that he has written, declared in a recent interview that "literature was responsible for the present world chaos," and that "Marcel Proust was a major influence in the collapse of France." Not content with this, he added, "The absurd position given Joyce and Lawrence derives from judgments that come from the lunatic asylum." The wonder is not that remarks like this should be uttered, but that people are willing to pay good money to hear them, and that a prominent New York newspaper, crowded with war news, can find room to print them, along with a photograph of the perpetrator. Alfred Noyes was once professor of English at Princeton. Hmphh! . . .

ON THE Appleton-Century advance list we notice a forthcoming title by Ralph Henry Barbour, which brings back memories of our boyhood at P. S. 10. The first book that we ever drew from the Public Library on 124th Street, opposite Mt. Morris Park, was "Four in Camp," by the same Mr. Barbour, and that was followed by "The Crimson Sweater" and "Weatherby's Inning." If those books are not still in print, and popular, somebody ought to be drawn and quartered. . . . Another fond memory is stirred by the arrival of a beautiful catalogue of fine books and first editions issued by one of the most astute and enterprising dealers in New York—Philip C. Duschnes. When Phil and I were kids together we owned a set of red, white, and blue building blocks which served as the foundation for a mythical Beck City that was more intricate than anything in "Islandia." Our year-old empire was blitzed when a visiting dressmaker commandeered the spare room. . . . Another Appleton book that we definitely want is Herbert Lanks's "By Pan American Highway through South America." It is the illustrated story of an automobile trip from the Caribbean to the Straits of Magellan, and it will be published on May 15th.

LINTON WELLS has just returned from a long lecture tour. He says that he played the commode circuit: it began in Chambersburg and ended in Pottstown. . . . When MGM films Elliot Paul's "The Last Time I Saw Paris," the role of the rotund author will be essayed by Robert Taylor, and there are some who think that that is carrying poetic license too far. . . . War or no war, Katherine Lord proposes to continue her useful Bookhandling Seminars in Nantucket this summer. . . . The new Inner Sanctum edition of "War and Peace" contains over sixty pages of introductory matter by Clifton Fadiman and other authorities. Max Schuster suggested that one last editorial note be run in italics at the top of the page where the actual text of the novel began. It would read: "From this point, Leo, you're on your own!"

WE have just seen the table of contents of Martha Foley's first crack at the Houghton Mifflin "Best Short Story" anthology. It packs more punch than the last three put together, and is highly recommended to you. . . . Dutton reports the safe arrival from England of an additional 50,000 volumes in the Everyman's Library, including stock of the newest title in the series, Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake." . . . Eugene Reynal, last of the Boy Publishers, is forty, and has a stunning list to show for it. . . . Suggested title for a forthcoming Random House study of Sir Stafford Cripps: "Hello, Mr. Cripps." . . .

THE Harry Maule's prize winning blue merle collie, "Blue," is a wanderer at heart, and the other day, when he found the door of the adjoining apartment ajar, he headed for the fresh hunting grounds. Mrs. Maule spotted him just in time, and her sharply admonishing "Blue!" brought him back to the family hearth on a trot. A short time later the lady from the flat next door confided her suspicions to the house superintendent. "There's something queer about that Mrs. Maule," she whispered. "I had left my door open this morning to get a little cross ventilation, and suddenly she poked her head in at me and cried "BOO!"

BENNETT CERF.

This Is an Advertisement

I LIKE to advertise in the Saturday Review of Literature. I wish that I could afford to buy a full column every week, to advertise the Argus Book Shop, its books and services.

I would like to do this because the Saturday Review of Literature is the sole surviving periodical devoted exclusively to books. Every subscriber reads the Saturday Review because of an interest in books. The book review sections of newspapers which have a vast circulation go, in most cases, to people who have no interest in books—but advertisers have to pay for that big circulation.

I am puzzled that book publishers don't advertise more than they do in the Saturday Review. True, it doesn't have a large circulation like metropolitan newspapers, but its circulation is so select and compact that I should think they would want to put notices in it about books they are going to publish.

We are about to publish a book that is of special interest to readers interested in books. It is GIANTS IN DRESSING GOWNS, by Julian B. Arnold. The author is the son of Sir Edwin Arnold, the famous Victorian poet, editor, and politician who wrote THE LIGHT OF ASIA. Julian Arnold has travelled and lectured widely. During his long lifetime he has met almost everyone of prominence, not only in literary fields, but in exploration and science and politics. These are his reminiscences . . . of Garibaldi, of Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Disraeli and Gladstone, of Darwin and William Jennings Bryan, of Matthew Arnold and Swinburne, of Ingersoll and Josh Billings, of Sir Richard Burton and Sir Henry Stanley.

When Julian Arnold speaks of the Victorian galaxy of stars, he has every right to do so. It is doubtful whether any man living today could recall such an astonishing, far-reaching array of meetings and places. His memoirs are written with charm and wit, and are, as Vincent Starrett says, "part of his justification for the privilege of living."

All readers of the Saturday Review of Literature who order GIANTS IN DRESSING GOWNS can have their copy inscribed, at no extra cost, if they wish. The price for the book is $3.00.

Whether you order this book or not, I hope that you will send for our current clearance catalogue of first editions and rare books. You also might want to send for PASSIVITY PROGRAM, by Christopher Morley. First edition, $1.50.

Ben Abramson
for The Argus Book Shop, Inc., 16 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

HEATHCLIFFE, please, please write to Cathy. Box 3-G.

PAHAQUARRY TOWNSHIP, wild, remote, mountainous, unique in New Jersey and sort of silly. Furnished farmhouse about 6 rooms, bottled gas, excellent swimming Delaware River, occasional fish, express trains, BLAIRSTOWN—three hundred dollars now to November. City slickers wouldn't like. Box 4-G.

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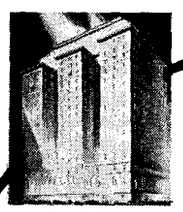

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SOMEWHERE there is a mature chap who loves woodland hills as well as Broadway's bright lights, who likes browsing along a city's by-paths, who enjoys intelligent people and a home-like atmosphere more than the night spots. If he reads this he might like to correspond with Box 14-G.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 15-G.

CULTURED EUROPEAN gentleman, widely travelled in Far East and India, invites correspondence with congenial young lady. Box 16-G.

WHETHER YOU'RE A WRITER, artist, vacationist or just fed up on congested civilization, how about a breath of mountain air, rising from Idaho's dashing streams and blue lakes—Payette Lake in particular, in the heart of Nature's magnificence. Secluded, modern "Edgewater Cottages." McCall, Idaho.

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CAPABLE secretary-stenographer must find position for all or part of July and August, or starve. Office or resort work preferred. Good references. Box 985-E.

PERSONALS

SNOOKIE: sincerely worried qualifications, other advertisers make mine negligible. If so advise what traits appeal most so I can bone up. NELLIE, Box 1-G.

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AS SURELY AS BLOOMS THE YUCCA! Young writer in Southwest finishing worthy novel on less than usual shoestring **must please** find there a corner, say on ranch, say any quiet place among kindreds where for writing's sake honorable shoestring may suffice! . . . Angela.

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PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, philosophically, musically, and dramatically inclined, desires correspondent. Box 990-E.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

WOMAN NEITHER YOUNG NOR OLD finding life anything but dull, welcomes expression of masculine viewpoint, sense of humor. Box 5-G.

GERMAN EXILE AUTHOR editor, came 18 months ago same rescue action Werfel, Feuchtwanger, Mann, 20 books published, 5 million words editorials written, now working hard porter packer, wants more appropriate opportunity. Interesting personality. Box 6-G.

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ARMY OFFICER desires interesting correspondence with lotus blossoms. Box 8-G.

SMALL bronze Buddha statue for exchange. Box 9-G.

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CULTURED UNATTACHED woman desires position country estate, anywhere, companion, hostess, drive car. Box 11-G.

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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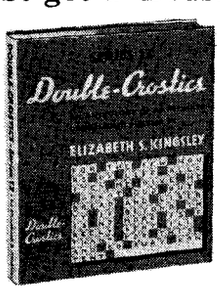

DOUBLE CROSTICS* 12

by Elizabeth Kingsley

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The Crostics Club

BLESSINGS on Muriel Sturgis Haynes of Weston, Mass.! "Tell Gelett Burgess," she writes, "I found *towrow* in the 4th chapter of 'Kidnapped' when reading aloud the other night to a young member of the family." Pursuing Miss Haynes's clue in Stevenson, I find: "And then there came a blinding flash, which showed me my uncle plainly, just where I had fancied him to stand; and hard upon the heels of a great *towrow* of thunder." (My italics.)

Webster, take note to include this illustration from an authoritative source in your next edition!

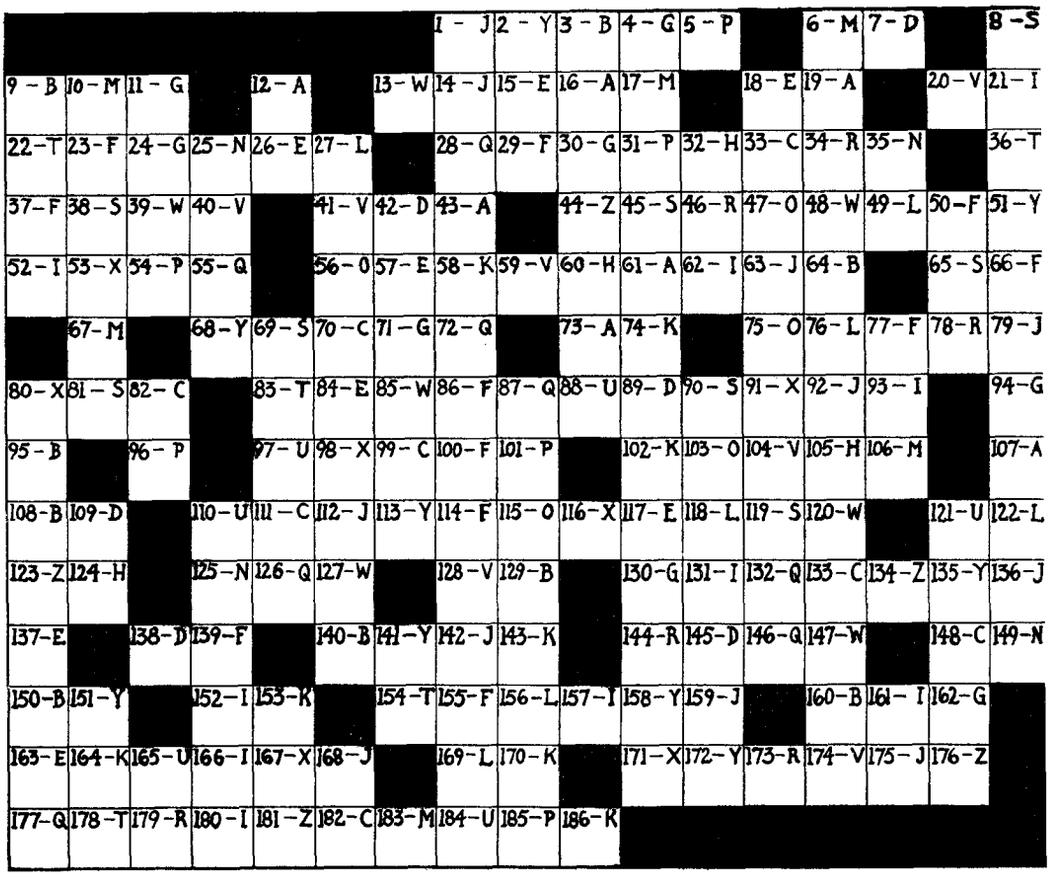
It occurs to me that now I might use *rowdydow!*

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," the "precious jewel" in this case being F.P.A., known to the world on *Information Please,* but to a smaller number as a younger member of that coterie of humorous rhymsters famous a few decades ago-Oliver Herford, Gelett Burgess, Carolyn Wells, and their equally famous illustrators, James Montgomery Flagg, Peter Newell, Oliver himself, etc. All of which is preliminary to remarking that some one's error in trying to convert a poetic *alway* to a prose *always,* to spoil the rhyme, and in omitting necessary quotation marks, brought an imposing envelope into the *SRL* office with F. P. A.'s name in the corner. Breathlessly we opened it and in a vivid green-ink scrawl across the Double-Crostic read, "Misquotation—how Carry would have hated that!" Whereas "Gelett Burgess" was affixed as the author of those stirring lines. All week I had been seeking in familiar compendiums, without avail, for the author! By taking the elevator up to the fifteenth floor I gave myself a red-letter moment with the immortal F. P. A.!

When I ask humorists for selections, they invariably give me serious works, perhaps because their best emanations are of momentary inspiration contributed to current magazines and tucked away somewhere in the latter's files. Some day I shall raid F. P. A.'s bookcase for you.

In this connection I recall that Christopher Morley in an essay on Don Marquis referred to the latter's most scintillating wit in his contributions to the Sun Dial columns of the *New York Evening Sun* when Don Marquis was in charge of that department. After vain efforts to get at the files in the *Sun* office I sought them in a newly-opened newspaper branch of the New York Public Library, located in the heart of a lower Westside wholesale business district. The brittle, yellowed paper fell to pieces in my hands, filtering into all the crevices of my habiliments, and caused such a *towrow* of sneezing that I made a hasty exit from the room and have not been there since.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 423

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words, therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A party and constitution of California framed in 1879 (comp.)

B. Sappho, called by Plato (2 wds.)

C. A lover of Desdemona *(Othello).*

D. Father of Noise, the lover of Deirdre (Irish).

E. Daughter of the Phaeacian King who befriended Ulysses.

F. Columbus' first landfall in the New World.

G. Music editor, and critic of the *N. Y. Tribune* (1880-1923).

H. River of France and Belgium, (scene of battles, 1914-18).

I. Stories by Gertrude Stein (1909) (2 wds.)

J. The last part of any course.

K. To remove the epidermis of (leather mfg.)

L. The Roman soldier whose spear pierced Christ's side (Malory).

M. The glacial epoch (2 wds.)

N. Ridge in France captured by the Canadians in 1917.

O. The blood of the gods (class. myth.)

P. Like mother-of-pearl.

Q. To make progress (2 wds.)

R. Steamers carrying cargoes to any ports offered.

S. Noisy outbreaks (chiefly dial.)

T. To add at the close or end.

U. Naturalist on *H. M. S. Beagle* (1831-36).

V. Furnishes with a foundation or ground support.

W. Exerting influence or activity in a particular direction.

X. The cult or worship of an image or picture as representation of the deity.

Y. Angered to an excessive degree.

Z. The three Norse Fates.

WORDS

19 12 16 43 61 73 107

160 3 95 129 108 140 9 64 150

99 111 33 148 70 182 82 133

138 7 42 109 89 145

26 18 57 137 15 163 117 84

139 77 23 155 37 100 29 86 50 66 114

24 4 162 11 130 94 30 71

32 124 60 105

152 161 52 157 180 21 166 62 131 93

14 175 92 63 168 1 142 136 159 112 79

143 74 170 164 153 102 186 58

76 169 49 27 118 122 156

6 10 183 67 17 106

149 25 125 35

115 75 103 56 47

54 96 185 31 5 101

55 177 87 146 132 28 126 72

144 46 34 173 179 78

119 45 38 65 90 69 81 8

154 83 36 22 178

110 165 121 97 88 184

128 174 20 41 40 104 59

13 48 85 127 120 147 39

53 171 98 116 80 91 167

172 135 51 158 68 151 141 113 2

123 134 181 176 44

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The Phoenix Nest

THE Phoenician, having somewhat aged since last he proceeded across Casbeen in these pages, may be said now to view with an eye rather remote certain manifestations of a newer age of poetry; though he does not consider he has ever been unsympathetic to the striving new. In fact, in his day, he has read such reams of experimental writing as may well have affected his few and wandering wits! Of late, being impatient of certain kinds of writing that seemed to him all too greatly puffed and put forward, he delivered himself of a sonnet and dispatched it to an intelligent editor of a creative and critical journal. I know the editor will not take it amiss if I quote his reply here in part, as it is easy to understand his point of view, loyal to the new blood and life in poetry:

> I feel that any allocating of poets to the underworld or the empyrean will, for the present, have to be more specific; for we know that the enemies of poetry will use a poem like this one in the glorification of such contemporary "eagles" as—well, choose your own names—and to the disparagement of everything that has the least originality and merit. And so I think that this sonnet should be published elsewhere.

The Phoenician is reminded of an embarrassing moment on a lecture tour when a gentleman rushed up to him, congratulating him upon attacking something that he had never dreamed of attacking, the man having interpreted certain words of the lecturer's according to his own prejudices. It is true that people do that. It is true also—and unfortunate—that today there seems little standing-room for an independent. In respect to war issues that is, perhaps, natural. But in respect to the arts it seems a pity. Either you are of one legion or the other, of one camp or the other, of one faction or the other. The kind of poetry attacked in the following, I have read and been exasperated by. It would be rather foolish, on the other hand, to enumerate the original and experimental poets by whom, in my day, I have been attracted, influenced, and whose awakening word I have welcomed. Except when it is destroying itself, the world has a tendency to go to sleep, and needs some vivid heretic to jab a hot poker in its ribs. In their day, both Emerson and Emily Dickinson (as well as Whitman) were regarded as heretical poets who did not know the first thing about versification. Today, the trouble is rather that some of our most minor poets know a great deal about it. They have small minds and small ranges, but they know all about the spontaneous synaesthesia of Hopkins, the fusion and allusion of Eliot, "the fascination of what's difficult" in Yeats, and the styles of all three. Never before, in a sense, were new poets more strongly under the influence of masters. The echo of the great voice is ever on the ear. But, added to this, there is an attitudinizing that has become, in the face of the grimmest of realities and a battle-faith for which men are dying, an increasing annoyance. That is the extent of my irritation, which begot the ensuing not-too-immortal sonnet. It is not that I am out of sympathy—or indeed out of touch—with poetry that breaks indignantly through the husks of a dead world.

Chthonian

Let us propitiate poetic ghosts
who mop and mow along those bogus lines
empty of any phrase to crinkle spines,
(to some few ancients sycophantic hosts)
who miss the liquor but gulp up the toasts,
flatter their little egos to [illegible]es,
and cut their etymological monkeyshines
with flibbertigibbet flouncings and shrill boasts . . .

Let us appease these dead? Oh, let us not,
nor seek the dead—but leave them to dry rot!
But climb the cliff whence that great eagle flies
who saw from heaven fire trailing in a reed,
who fastened—shoulder and thigh—on Ganymede
and hoisted mortal beauty to the skies!

Poet as Pickpocket

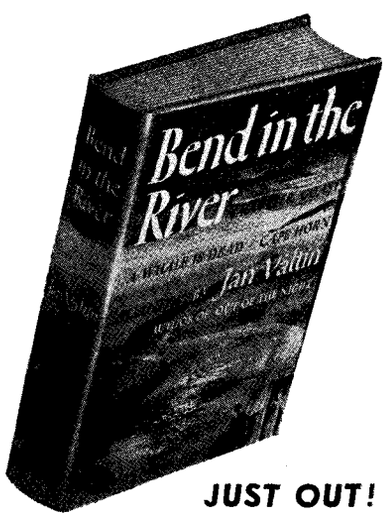
The great English poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was in his youth an incorrigible daydreamer. Once, hurrying along the Strand in London, deep in a dream, he was thrusting his hands in front of him as though in the act of swimming. In the throng, one of his hands came in contact with a gentleman's pocket, the latter immediately turning and seizing him, exclaiming, "What, so young and so wicked!" The boy sobbed out a denial, explaining that he had imagined he was the classical Leander swimming the Hellespont. Instead of snorting, "A likely story!", the gentleman, who was a bookseller, was struck by the lad's imagination and thereafter gave him free run of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside. This spur to his reading undoubtedly later resulted in the strange magic of such an erudite poem as "Kubla Khan."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Again the critics hail

Jan Valtin

AUTHOR OF **OUT OF THE NIGHT**



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